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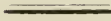
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C L A U D I A N U S



BY THE

HON. AND REV. HENRY HOWARD.



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TO

THE HON. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS,

M.P. F.R.S. AND S.A.

THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT

AT TRANSLATION FROM CLAUDIAN

IS DEDICATED BY ITS AUTHOR,

AS A TESTIMONY

OF THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION FOR HIS CHARACTER

AND ACQUIREMENTS,

AND OF THE SINCEREST FRIENDSHIP.

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AGAINST RUFINUS.

FIRST BOOK.

AGAINST RUFINUS.

FIRST BOOK.

OFTH hath my doubtful mind essay'd to scan
If aught celestial hath a care for man ;
Or leaves him sport of every wind and wave,
No will to govern, and no arm to save.
If then perchance, my better reason found, 5
I turn'd to contemplate the world around,
And seek the Source of Power, whose laws ordain }
The year it's seasons, and it's bounds the main, }
That bids the night and day alternate reign ;

In all I own'd and bow'd me to the God 10
Who taught the planets their appointed road,
And earth her stores exuberant forth to bring,
Her fruits of autumn, and her flowers of spring ;
Pour'd floods of radiance from the solar throne ;
Lit the pale moon with brightness not her own ; 15
Enfolded earth in ocean's ambient robe,¹
And poised immoveably the central globe.

But, turn'd to man, when on my baffled gaze
All drear and dark arose the moral maze,
Where still the worst to power and glory climb, 20
While Virtue trembles at the feet of Crime,
My past conviction fail'd—Religion fled,
Her hope bewilder'd, and her spirit dead ;

Nor aught was left but in despair to try
 The cheerless aid of wild Philosophy, 25
 That dares to Chance the cause of all to trace,
 Or atoms wandering through unbounded space ;
 Sets forth strange Gods, if Gods indeed they are,
 Who never hear, or never grant, our prayer.

Rufinus' fate hath full solution given 30
 Of all, and justified the ways of Heaven !
 Now unrepining let us mark the vile
 Bask their short hour in Fortune's sunny smile ;
 Scale her proud summit, eminent o'er all—
 As high their rise, so deadly is their fall !² 35
 Then aid me, heavenly Muses, aid to sing
 From what foul origin such curse could spring.

'Twas envy's flame, 'twas hatred unreprest,
 That raged devouring in Alecto's breast,
 When erst the land she saw with peace and plenty
 blest. 40

Incensed, her speedy mandate forth she sends,
 And calls dread council of her sister fiends.
 They hear, they come, they tread th' infernal floor,
 Ill-omen'd brood, that Night to Darkness bore.
 Discord, War's nurse—imperious Famine's rage; 45
 Self-loathing Sickness—Death's forerunner, Age.
 Foul Envy, at a brother's fortune pale,
 And moping Grief, with rent and tear-dew'd veil:
 Wild Fear, and Rashness obstinately blind,
 And Luxury, foe to wealth, and gloomy Want behind.
 Last, rueful Avarice comes, and with her bears
 A sleepless retinue of clinging cares:

The constant troop around it's mother swarms,
Hangs on her breast, and nestles in her arms.

These fill the seats of Adamant, and swell 55

The dark assemblage of the Powers of Hell.

She, in the midst superior, bade the throng

Be silent, and the snakes her hair among

Back o'er her shoulders cast, and, unconfined,

Pour'd forth the ravings of her evil mind. 60

“ Can this be borne? shall each successive year

Proceed triumphant in it's calm career?

Shall favouring Fortune still, and Mercy smile,

Defeat my projects, and insult my toil?

In vain by every art to crime I urge :³ 65

My torch dies smouldering, stingless lights my scourge!

And ye sit sluggish by, whom Jove from Heaven,

Yea, more—from earth hath Theodosius driven.⁴

Peace, Faith, Affection walk the land sublime,
And Virtue, daughters of the olden time: 70
An age of gold restored the nations see,
And o'er our ruin hear the song of victory.
Woe! woe! for through the liquid air again
Descending Justice triumphs o'er my pain ;
Strikes at the root of every vice, and draws 75
Forth from their dungeon depths the prison'd laws.
And this we bear—our place, our office gone,
Disgraced, contemptible, we slumber on—
Awake, ye Furies, if ye own the name ;
Roused to fresh might, redeem your tarnish'd fame ;
And, ere ye separate, swear a deed to do
Of old atrocity, and worthy you.
In Stygian clouds through Heaven to bend my way,
Dim the fair stars, and blight the glorious day ;

To force the marble barriers of it's shore, 85
 And wide o'er earth the deep'ning deluge pour—
 To break with desperate hand the golden ties,
 The faith of all things—is my proud emprise.”
 She spake, and wild, and thirsting now for blood,
 Yell'd horrible ; her serpents heard, and stood 90
 Upcoil'd, and hissing ; and her shaken hair
 Shed clammy death-drops on the poison'd air.
 Then, in confused debate, the stifled hum
 Of countless voices rose : for battle some
 'Gainst Heaven declared ; some Pluto's rights main-
 tain'd, 95
 And o'er the buzzing mass dissension reign'd.
 So murmurs ocean in it's restless sleep,^s
 When winds have ceased to stir the hoary deep ;

Long rolls the swell, as labouring now to hail
The last faint flutterings of the dying gale. 100

Then she, who still to hellish ends directs
The ravings of distemper'd intellects,
Who claims the frenzy passions for her own,
Arose Megæra from her gloomy throne.
The blood she quaffs from kindred veins is pour'd,
Hath stain'd a brother's, or a father's sword :
'Tis such as erst Alcides' shafts imbrued,
When earth's protector madden'd as he view'd
Her terrible shape : in Agamemnon's hall
Well pleased she saw th' alternate victims fall; 110
In pomp to Œdipus Jocasta led,
And drove Thyestes to a daughter's bed.

Harsh was her voice as thus she spake—" In vain,
Tried friends, ye strive 'gainst Jove's eternal reign ;
Yet, if to plague this hapless earth beneath 115
With woes unknown, with something worse than
death,

Be pleasing, there exists, reserved me still,
One mighty scourge, one prodigy of ill :
More swift to slaughter than the tiger's spring ;
More sure to poison than the scorpion's sting ; 120
Fierce as the whirlwind, treacherous as the sea,
One, one there is—my own Rufinus he !
Him, from his mother's arms received, I prest
A wailing infant to my ready breast ;
And still my snakes, as foster'd there he clung, 125
Shaped his soft features with their forky tongue.

From me, me skill'd and studious to impart
The seeds of evil to the docile heart,
He gain'd the winning mien, the soothing smile,
The sevenfold armour of inveterate guile, 130
Truth's specious warmth, and honour's proud parade,
And flattery, sweetest when it most betrayed :
Fierce avarice, quenchless by the wealth that gleams
On Tagus' sands, in Lydia's golden streams ;
Malice, that, tainting all, where'er it lights, 135
Breaks union's bond, affection's beauty blights :
And sure had Nature such a monster framed,
In days gone by, for purest friendship famed,
His loved companion had Orestes fled,⁶
And Theseus left Pirithoüs with the dead. 140
E'en I retire, and own myself outdone ;
Self-taught his rapid race of ill to run,

He spurns my tardy guidance, proud to win
Our every prize, monopolist of sin.
Him, if my counsel please, myself shall call, 145
A chosen inmate, to the regal hall ;
And the new Minos, aye, the Numa there,
Sink vainly struggling in the shunless snare.”

She ceased, and every hand in air was raised,
And every tongue the foul suggestion praised. 150
A dark-blue snake her gather'd robe entwined,
A clasp of adamant her hair confined ;
Fast by resounding Phlegethon she stood,
And plunged a tall pine in its fiery flood,
Torn from the cindery roots, and blazing high, 155
Her torch of guidance through that murky sky.

A place there is, where Gallia's farthest shore
Hears circling ocean's sullen billows roar ;
Where erst Ulysses, due libation shed,
Invoked the people of the silent dead. 160
There, flitting pinions rustle on the gale,
There, viewless mourners raise their feeble wail ;
And men have seen, slow stalking through the gloom,
Pale spectral shapes, and tenants of the tomb.
Thence sprang the fiend, and tainted as she went
The sun's pure rays, and heaven with howlings rent :
Wide as th' ill-omen'd murmur echoed round,
Gaul's trembling plains, and Britain felt the sound ;
Back from their shores the flowing tides return,
And Rhine droops torpid o'er his stagnant urn. 170
Thin, hoary hairs were on that forehead old,
Where snakes but now had twined their clust'ring
fold :

With furrow'd front, that spoke the practised sage,
 And all the feign'd infirmities of age,
 She sought the walls of Elusa, the town? 175
 Long time familiar to her knowledge grown ;
 With gaze malign survey'd the wondrous man,
 Her more than rival—and incensed began.

“ Is this thy pride? the morn of youth to lose
 “ In dull, unhonour'd, undeserv'd repose, 180
 “ Nor earn the high reward that Fate prepares,
 “ Nor read thy fortune in the favouring stars?
 “ Scorn not these wither'd limbs—this palsied head—
 “ The snows that age hath o'er my temples shed—
 “ If other might—if superhuman skill 185
 “ To bend the stubborn spirits at my will—

- “ If inspiration, prescient to divine,
“ Be aught,—obey me, and the world is thine!
“ Mine are Thessalian arts, and spells of power
“ To draw the moon from heaven in magic’s hour :
“ Mine too the voice, that from their bright abodes
“ Calls to Chaldæa’s sage his subject Gods ;
“ And Egypt owns me potent to explore
“ The dark enigmas of her holy lore.
“ Well every poisonous juice is known to me, 195
“ Prest from the herb, or trickling from the tree :
“ And well my task in Caucasus is plied,
“ Where rankest verdure clothes the mountain side ;
“ Whence fell Medea, crafty Circe, stole
“ Drugs meet to taint the bride-veil or the bowl. 200
“ Oft have the midnight ghosts my voice obey’d,
“ And Hecate heard me in her realm of shade.

“ Instinct with horrid life, the buried corse
“ Hath own'd my mutter'd rhyme's compulsive force ;
“ And many a foe, ere seal'd their destined doom, 205
“ Sunk at its sound, and wither'd in their bloom.
“ I move the forest oaks, the lightning stay,
“ Back to their source the refluent streams convey,
“ And—what! distrustful still—reserved and cold!
“ Still need an instance of my power—behold!” 210

She spake—and sudden through the chamber
blazed

A roof of gold, on golden columns raised :
Bright from the fretted oak, the channell'd stone,
In richer pomp metallic splendour shone.
He on th' alluring scene, in charm'd surprize, 215
Gazed on, and feasted his insatiate eyes.

So proudly first the Lord of Phrygia's land
Essay'd the wonders of his gifted hand ;
Till dainties harden'd, and till streams congeal'd,
The latent evil of the boon reveal'd; 220
Till, hunger-worn, he cursed in helpless ire
The full fruition of his wild desire.
Then soul-subdued, " Direct my path," he said,
" Or God or mortal ! by thy dictates led,
Well pleased I follow." At the Fury's call, 225
He sought the eastern city's lofty wall ;
The rocks, colliding once, fix'd firmly now ;
The seas, that Jason stem'd with daring prow ;
That Asia's continent from Thrace divide,
Where gay domes glitter on the Bosphor tide. 230
Urged by malignant Fate, from day to day
To that bright hall he work'd his stealthy way :

Then wild Ambition rose—then Justice mourn'd
Her glory tarnish'd, and her mandate scorn'd,
While he, regardless of all else, for gold 235
Honours to those, who deem'd them honours, sold ;
Divulged the secret, and the friend betray'd,
Mean traffic of his Prince's favour made :
Or watch'd his hour of trouble and of fear,
With tales of guilt to fill his easy ear ;^s 240
Old wrongs revive, and fresh suspicion raise,
Pierce the scarr'd wound, and fan th' expiring blaze.

As, fed by ceaseless streams, the mighty main
Knows no increase, nor, gaining, seems to gain,
Counts e'en redundant Ister's tribute vile, 245
And drinks unsatisfied the summer Nile ;
So, floods of gold but serve his breast to fire,
And vain profusion animates desire.

Dare any shine in gems of power to charm,
 Or boast the culture of a favourite farm, 250
 That hour Rufinus marks them for his prey,
 And tears the fatal opulence away.
 Forth from their fathers' halls expell'd they go,
 And curse the fruitfulness that tempts their foe.
 Beyond the tomb his wide extortions spread : 255
 He spoil'd the living,—he succeeds the dead.
 One den of rapine, 'mid the general dearth,
 Retains the plunder of the groaning earth.
 Condemn'd to serve, the nations mourn in vain,
 And bow reluctant to a subject's reign. 260

Where doth thy madness rush? were all thine
 own,

The Persian diadem, the Lydian throne,

The wealth, that either ocean's depths enfold,
That stains Pactolus' ruddy fount with gold:
Yet must thou pine—insatiate 'mid the store— 265
For he, who still desires, shall still be poor.
With honourable indigence content,
Fabricius spurn'd the bribe a monarch sent ;
Serranus held the plough ; a lowly cot
The Curii own'd, un murmuring at their lot. 270
Such poverty is wealth : such humble home
Outshines the splendour of thy towering dome.
For thee let Luxury search her baneful hoards ;
My feast unbought the liberal earth affords :
For thee the loom let busy fingers ply, 275
And rich embroidery drink the Tyrian dye—
Here bloom the roses ; here, the mead of May
Charms with it's living verdure ; Nature's sway

O'er all fantastic beauty loves to shed,
 Smooths the green turf, and decks the flowery bed ;
 Here soundly we may sleep, nor care nor evil
 dread.

Thy echoing courts let clamorous suitors throng ;
 Be mine the rill's soft sound, the birds' enlivening song.
 These are the joys of competence—the prize
 Held forth to all, gain'd only by the wise. 285
 O! rich in knowledge, could we learn but this :
 The golden lesson, Temperance is bliss.
 No dart would fly, to arms no trumpet call,
 Nor tempests rend the bark, nor engin'ry the wall!

Still burns his quenchless thirst ; and blazes higher,
 By new temptations fed, th' unhallow'd fire.
 Alike to him if force or fraud prevail,
 The shameless flattery, or the slanderous tale :

Alike to him, when hand is join'd in hand,
Faith's sacred oath, and Friendship's holy band. 295
If one be found his greedy wish to thwart,
How throbs with barbarous ire his swelling heart !
So raves the tigress, in her mad career,
Robb'd of her whelps, or writhing on the spear :
So, where the traveller's foot unwary treads, 300
The bruised snake grovelling fiercer venom sheds.
The solemn altar, and the social board,
Man's faith, Heaven's majesty in vain implored,
The victim bleeds—and with him all that share
His life's affections, and his dying prayer ; 305
His wife, his children, all—and more than they,
For restless Vengeance seeks a wider prey ;
His name, his lineage, kindred, lovers, friends,⁹
Allies—in one devouring ruin blends,

Assails his native land ; the guilty town, 310
That in it's bosom rear'd him, tramples down ;
Till the red desert leaves no sign to show
Who shared the death-stroke with Rufinus' foe !
And would that death were all ! for half the joy
Were lost, if such untortured he destroy ; 315
Nor stay the sword, nor racks and dungeons find
To rend the body, and distract the mind,
To make e'en mercy torment, and retain¹⁰
Life for his sport, a burthen, and a pain.
In solemn mockery of perverted laws, 320
Judge of the wretched in his own vile cause,
O'er earth's far realms, (not now supine in ease)
He flies to do the murder he decrees ;¹¹
Swift only to shed blood ; his harden'd breast
Defies " the dogstar, and the bleak north-east ;" 325

Proof 'gainst all terror, save that haply one
Of that doom'd band the lifted axe may shun,
And leave the savage triumph incomplete,
Received a suppliant at his Emperor's feet.
Years claim no privilege, the young man dies,¹² 330
Dragg'd to the stake before his father's eyes:
And he, reserved to glut the tyrant's rage,
The sire, an exile in his childless age,
Goes forth, our Consul once—be still, my soul!—
In vain the lyre resounds, the numbers roll— 335
Nor tongue can tell, nor pitying eye deplore,
The crimes he joy'd in, or the wrongs we bore.
With him compared, all gentle and benign
Was Sinis, dreadful with his Isthmian pine:¹³
Sciron, and Phalaris, and Sylla, yield 340
To worse atrocities than theirs the field:

The steeds of Diomedé, the altar red,¹⁴
 Where old Busiris' guiltless victims bled,
 To him were lenient—when his deeds appear'd,
 Cinna we thank'd, and Spartacus revered. 345

Deep in a thousand breasts, conceal'd from day,
 The smould'ring spark of tardy vengeance lay :
 Hate inly fann'd, but Caution check'd its fire,
 And Fear suppress'd the mutter'd curse of Ire.

Yet one there was, before whose ardour fled¹⁵ 350
 The cold suggestions of unmanly dread ;
 One, who, 'mid earth's confusion undismay'd,
 No fabled steed, no Pegasus to aid,
 Rose 'gainst that ravening Fiend, and hurl'd the dart,
 Fix'd, Heaven-directed, in the monster's heart. 355

Friend of the exile, guardian of th' opprest,
He gave the mourner joy, the weary rest ;
And stood, when danger call'd him to the field,
Their tower of strength, their adamantine shield.¹⁶
Where stretch'd his camp, where wide his banner
waved,
The good secure their tyrant's fury braved ;
Heard the vain threatenings of his baffled ire ;
And view'd him sullen from their walls retire.
Thus oft a torrent, swoln by wintry snows,
Down from its hills in headlong ruin goes ; 365
Bursts its weak banks—with unresisted sway
Tears the stone arch, the crashing grove away ;
Till stemm'd at length by some majestic rock,
That unremoveable defies its shock,

It toils for ingress to the guarded plain, 370

And foams and thunders round its base in vain.

Theme of my praise, inspirer of my song,

Thy sinewy frame, in patient wisdom strong,

When earth unstable nodded to its fall,

Sustain'd the burthen of the reeling ball. 375

Thee Heaven hath shown us, as the beacon star,

When winds and waters wage their stormy war ;

When, ceased her pilot's unavailing care,

The labouring vessel drives, in darkness and despair.

Did Argive Perseus, in th' Arabian sea, 380

Slay the fierce Orc, and set the maiden free—

Safe with the shield of power, the wings of speed,

With Gods to aid him, and with love to lead ?

For thee no Gorgon waves her snaky hair,
No pinions waft thee through the yielding air; 385
No beauty tempts thee; but the public weal
Demands the safeguard of thy patriot steel.
'Tis then thou conquerest: then thy deeds sublime
Transcend the records of the elder time;
More than Herculean toils:—one only wood 390
Supplied the Nemean lion's feast of blood,
Nor dared the boar of Erymanth to rove
Beyond the precincts of its gloomy grove:
Antæus, hostile but to Libyan foes,
From earth's maternal arms reviving rose; 395
'Twas Crete alone, where hill and valley wide
To the deep bellowings of her bull replied;
'Twas Lerna's marsh alone, where, poison-fed,
The sleepless Hydra rear'd its verdant head.¹⁷

But this worse Fiend, disdaining to defile 400
One lone morass, one desolated isle,
O'er every land that owns the Latian reign,
From trembling Ganges to th' Iberian main,
Extends the baneful influence of his sway,
And drains the lifeblood from his subject prey. 405
With more than triple Geryon's fury fell,
Or his, stern guardian of the gates of hell,
He comes, and Hydra might in him conspires
With Scylla's hunger, and Chimæra's fires.
Ye closed, with adverse arms uprear'd to strike—410
In all, but conscience and your cause, alike:
A fearful strife—for not the feeble men,
But Vice and Virtue met for mastery then:
And that one hour to ruin's depth had hurl'd,
Or raised, for ever a degraded world. 415

But vainly Rapine there and Murder toil'd,
By heavenly Charity and Mercy foil'd ;
And War's fierce Demons there were doom'd to rue
The fatal keenness of the sword they drew.
His course was like the pestilence, that first 420
By sultry suns in stagnant marshes nurst,
Assails the herd and flock, then, farther spread,
Gluts its foul appetite with human dead,
And taints with one predominant disease
The putrid fountain and the burning breeze. 425
For humbler crimes the greedy robber spurns,
And now from Rome to wrest her sceptre burns,¹⁵
Lets havock loose, and bids the sword devour
The sinews of her strength, her arm of power.
Far Danube heard him, and o'er Scythia's snows 430
Fierce at his call the leagued nations rose.

They came to share in slaughter's glorious toil,
 And glean the remnants of the plunderer's spoil.
 Daci, and Sarmatæ, a mingled brood,
 The Massagete, who quaffs his courser's blood; 435
 The Alan tribes, who, shivering by the brink
 Of firm Mæotis, cleave it ere they drink; ¹⁹
 Gelonians, gaudy with their punctured skin,
 The march of ruin at his call begin.
 His task, to guard his agents: to forbid 440
 Each deed, that earth of such a curse might rid;
 Lose the fit hour, and still, by new delay,
 The vainly lifted arm of Vengeance stay.
 Thus, mighty Chieftain, when the Getic horde,
 Who braved the terrors of thy conquering sword, 445
 Appeased the Manes of thy warrior friend,²⁰
 Or weak and hopeless, in their valley penn'd,

Awaited death or capture, he, the slave,
The sworn his country's foes alone to save,
Came traitorous in, and from his Sovereign won 450
Their timely respite ; till the barbarous Hun,
To join their standard summon'd from afar,
Swell the thinn'd ranks, and nerve again the war.

Where Scythia eastward most extends her plain,
Beyond the Tanais is their desert reign, 455
Ne'er cherish'd yet the North so foul a swarm,
Vile in their manners, loathsome in their form.²¹
With minds of iron that no toil can bow,
On plunder fed, they scorn the peaceful plough.
Their sallow front to sear, their merriest game ; 460
Their holiest oath, a slaughter'd father's name.

Nor more has nature to connect decreed
 The cloud-born Centaur with his kindred steed,
 In oft-repeated charge, and wild irregular speed. }
 Yet 'gainst such foes thou com'st with fearless tread,
 Where Hebrus thunders down his foamy bed :
 Ere sounds the trump, ere battle dies the sod,
 Thy prayer ascends to Thracia's warrior God.
 " Great Father Mars, where'er recumbent now—
 " Or, shrined in clouds, on Hæmus' misty brow, 470
 " Or snow-clad Rhodope delight thee more,
 " Or Athos, pervious to the Median oar ;
 " Or haply slumbering in thy mountain cave,
 " Where dark the holm-oaks o'er Pangæa wave—
 " With me to guard thy favour'd realm arise ; 475
 " On yonder trunk be thine our victory's trophied
 prize!"

The Sire of battles heard—and call'd his train,
With shout resounding through his drear domain:
“ My helm, Bellona! Terror, thou my car—
“ And haste, Confusion, with my steeds of war. 480
“ Ply swift your task; for he, my chosen son,
“ Arms for the conflict; he, when fields are won,
“ Who decks my branching oak with hostile spoil,
“ And shares with me the triumph as the toil:
“ Long wont to stand my rival guard of Rome, 485
“ One trump our signal, and one camp our home.”
He ceased, and sprang to battle: scattering wide
Fled hosts from Stilicho with Mars allied,
Alike in arms and stature as they came,
And each rough helm seem'd crested high with flame;
And glow'd the corslets in their swift career,
Till, drunk with carnage, droop'd the satiate spear.²¹

'Twas then Megæra, fired by wish'd success,
 And madly revelling in a world's distress,
 Sought the high throne, where Justice sorrowing sate,
 With taunts and insult to provoke debate.

“ They glad thee now—gay dreams of Fancy's birth—

“ The primal ages—the repose of earth:

“ We mourn an empire reft, a prostrate throne,

“ Our place forgotten, and our name unknown! 500

“ They glad thee now—yes, hither turn thine eyes—

“ Behold, to Heaven the wasting flames arise;

“ Behold, Rufinus arms the barbarous foe,

“ Fires the proud fane, and lays the rampart low;

“ Selects for me from slaughter's ample store, 505

“ And calls my serpents to their feast of gore.

“ Hence, from the haunts of men, my destined prey;

“ Hence, to thy stars, thy heavenly realm, away—

“ Ascend the Zodiac arch—the vacant seat
“ ’Twi’xt the cold Balance and the Lion’s heat, 510
“ Thine own autumnal home; and O! that I
“ Could with thee mount, and follow through the sky!”

The Goddess answered calm—“ ’Twill soon be
past—

“ Enjoy this hour of madness—’tis your last.
“ The number’d moments fly—then, doom’d to feel
“ With fatal force my retributive steel,
“ The bane of Heaven and Earth, in whom you trust,
“ Shall lie uncover’d e’en by vulgar dust.
“ Honorius then shall come, the world’s delight,
“ Brave as his Sire, and as his Brother bright: 520
“ The stubborn Mede submit his yoke to bear,
“ And India’s noblest sink beneath his spear:

“ His charger trample Phasis’ frozen wave,
“ And, bridged across, Araxes vainly rave.
“ While you shall fall, in chains of iron bound, 525
“ To the dark caverns of th’ abyss profound,
“ Shorn of your serpent locks : then Earth shall yield
“ Her choice abundance from one common field ;
“ From soil unploughed the reaper’s wond’ring eyes
“ Shall then behold his sudden harvest rise; 530
“ From oaks shall flow the bee’s delicious spoil,
“ With wine the rivers, and the lakes with oil :
“ Art needless now, the shepherd in amaze
“ View the rich flock with native purple blaze ;
“ And proud on ocean’s smiling surface borne, 535
“ Imperial gems its tangled weed adorn.”

NOTES

ON THE

FIRST BOOK AGAINST RUFINUS.

NOTE 1, line 16.

Enfolded Earth, &c.] He clad them with the deep as with a garment. Ps. 104. Αβυσσος ὡς ιματιον το περιβολαιον αυτων.—LXX.

NOTE 2, line 35.

As high their rise, &c.] Literally—They are exalted that they may fall the more heavily. In the translation I have ventured to soften the expression by omitting this obnoxious particle, of which Mr. Bayle declares, “votre particule *ut* fait horreur; on n’en sçauroit soutenir l’idée sans frissonner.” My belief is, that the whole of this exordium is a poetical exaggeration; and that Claudian was not weak enough to turn Epicurean or Atheist in good earnest, because his patron’s enemy was Prime Minister of the East. He wished to say a severe thing.

and he has said an extravagant one. It is, at all events, a strong argument against the supposition that he was a Christian.

NOTE 3, line 65.

In vain by every art, &c.] Tillemont quotes Sozomen as recording one of her last efforts in this way during the sedition at Antioch. “ Sozemene dit aussi que la nuit de devant on avoit vu comme une femme d’un regard terrible, et d’une grandeur prodigieuse, qui marchoit en l’air par les rues de la ville, avec un fouet à la main, dont le bruit inspiroit la fureur.”

NOTE 4, line 68.

Hath Theodosius driven.] Theodosius the First, surnamed the Great, a Spaniard by birth, served when young under the Count his father, during his successful campaigns in Britain and Africa. He likewise distinguished himself as Duke of the Upper Mæsia, by repelling an inroad of the Sarmatians, but soon afterward fell into disgrace and retired to his patrimony in Gallicia, where he remained, till his great merit induced Gratian to call him from his retreat, as the fit successor of Valens in the Eastern Empire. Claudian bears testimony in this place to the integrity with which he governed, when not under

the influence of Rufinus ; Zosimus is indeed, I believe, the only writer who attributes to him personally the oppressions or extortions which certainly did, to a considerable degree, prevail during his reign. His piety has procured for him the unanimous approbation of the Christian contemporary authors.

NOTE 5, line 97.

So murmurs Ocean, &c.] The phenomenon alluded to in this simile is alleged by Jortin to illustrate the miracle which St. Mark has recorded, chapter ix. verse 45. "The wind," he says, "will sometimes cease on a sudden : but the sea will not be smooth for some time after. Therefore the miracle was most evident." Mr. Buckingham's assertion that the Sea of Galilee is naturally "never violently agitated for any length of time," is positively denied by the Quarterly Review. Claudian is not the only man of genius who has felt the beauty of this image ; both Lucan and Statius have used it, and Seneca, twice ; within the last two years I have observed it in Mr. Plunkett's speech on the Catholic Question ; Mr. Hayne's Tragedy of Conscience ; and in a charge lately delivered by the learned Archdeacon Wrangham, a gentleman to whom, for the kind interest he has taken in the present production, and the material assistance he has contributed towards its success, I feel myself

bound to declare my sense of great obligation, whatever the fate of this attempt may be.

NOTE 6, line 139.

His loved companion, &c.] From Martial,
Te fingente nefas, Pyladen odisset Orestes,
Thesea Pirithoi destituisset amor. 7. 24.

NOTE 7, line 175.

She sought the walls of Elusa.] Now called Euse, a town of Gascony.

NOTE 8, line 240.

With tales of guilt, &c.] Theodosius, though sometimes hasty, was not however always so prone to take offence as he is here represented. Montesquieu quotes a law of his, which shews at least a strong inclination to be moderate. “ Les Empereurs Théodose, Arcade et Honore, écrivirent à Ruffin, Préfet du Prétoire ; Si quelqu'un parle mal de notre personne, ou de notre gouvernement, nous ne voulons point le punir : (si id ex levitate processerit, contemnendum est : si ex insaniâ, miseratione dignissimum ; si ab injuriâ, remittendum,) s'il a parlé par légèreté, il faut le mépriser ; si c'est par folie, il faut le plaindre ; si c'est une injure, il faut lui pardonner. Ainsi,

laissant les choses dans leur entier, vous nous en donnerez connoissance ; afin que nous jugions des paroles par les personnes, et que nous pèsions si nous devons les soumettre au jugement, ou les négliger.”—*Esprit des Loix*, 12. 12.

NOTE 9, lines 308—310.

*His name, his lineage, kindred, lovers, friends,
Allies, in one devouring ruin blends,
Assails his native land.*

Gibbon, in his account of the punishment of Tatian and Proculus, says, in allusion to this passage, “ But he (Rufinus) indulged a spirit of revenge equally repugnant to prudence and to justice, when he degraded their native country of Lycia from the rank of Roman provinces, stigmatized a guiltless people with a mark of ignominy, and declared that the countrymen of Tatian and Proculus should for ever remain incapable of holding any employment of honour or advantage under the Imperial Government.” The expressions of Claudian, however, appear so strong, (*exscindere cives funditus*, &c.) that I can hardly think they relate to mere degradation. Besides, it is not quite certain, though probable, (see Tillemont, note 50 sur Theodose) that Tatian was a Lycian, or that the Lycians were punished by Rufinus and not by Tatian himself. Possibly an allusion may be intended to the

massacre at Thessalonica, of which Rufinus is said to have been a principal instigator. Montesquieu says that this comprehensive vengeance was frequent among the Greeks: "Ils ne mirent point de bornes aux vengeances qu'ils prirent des tyrans, ou de ceux qu'ils soupçonnèrent de l'être. Ils firent mourir les enfans: quelquefois cinq des plus proches parens. Tyranno occiso, quinque ejus proximos cognatione magistratus necato.—*Cicero de Invent.* 1. 2."—*Esprit des Loix*, 12. 18. Giannone tells us of some similar cruelties exercised in the kingdom of Naples by the Emperor Frederic II. When Archbishop Becket was in exile, Henry banished his relations and dependents to the number of 400, exacting from them an oath that they would all immediately repair to the place where their patron then resided. He hoped that their presence would distress him both in his purse and feelings. This was something in the spirit of Rufinus: I trust the most so that our history can afford.

NOTE 10, lines 318, 319.

—————"And retain

Life for his sport.

According to the practice of Tiberius: "Mori volentibus, vis adhibita vivendi."—*Sucton.*

NOTE 11, line 323.

He flies to do the murder he decrees.] This is supposed to have reference to a rapid journey which he made from Constantinople to Antioch, for the purpose of destroying Lucian, Count of the East, who had offended him.

NOTE 12, line 330.

Ye cars claim no privilege, &c.] Rufinus seems to have been a good sample of those Gallic Romans foreshown by the Jewish Legislator in Deuteronomy, ch. 28. v. 49. "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth: a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young." Tatian is the aged consul here alluded to, who, after having witnessed the execution of his son Proculus, Prefect of Constantinople, was suffered to linger out the few years that remained of his life in banishment and ignominy.

NOTE 13, line 339.

Sinis dreadful with his Isthmian pine.] He used to bend two pines towards each other, and then, attaching a limb of his victim to each, suffer them to fly back to their former position. Hence Lucian calls him "Pityocampetes," the pine bender, in his True History, where

he makes him, with Phalaris, Busiris, Diomede and Sciron, head the condemned spirits, who break loose, and assail the Heroes in their happy island. A considerable part of the celebrated Travels of Baron Munchausen is taken from this work of Lucian.

NOTE 14, line 342.

The steeds of Diomede, the altars red, &c.] Diomede, King of Thrace, used to feed his horses with human flesh. The story goes that one of their breed was remaining at the time of the second Triumvirate; his name was Sejanus; he was of a bright bay colour, and famous for bringing bad fortune to every one who possess him. His first master was Cn. Seius, who was put to death by Antony; he was then bought successively by Dolabella, Cassius and Antony himself.

Busiris was destroyed by Hercules, in consequence of an unlucky attempt to immolate the stranger at his altar.

NOTE 15, line 350.

Yet one there was, &c.] The poet now introduces his great hero and protector, Stilicho, whose talents and virtues he never neglects an opportunity of celebrating. This distinguished individual was the son of an officer who commanded a troop of barbarian cavalry in the service of Valens. He is called a Vandal by Orosius, and

Jerome speaks to his semi-barbarous origin. But Theodosius looked only to his merits, conferred upon him many honourable charges, and raised him at last to the dignity of Patrician, to the rank of Master General of the Roman armies, to an alliance with his own family, by marrying him to his niece Serena, and to the guardianship, after his decease, of his son Honorius. Claudian says, of Arcadius also; but this is rather doubtful; he certainly never obtained any subsequent authority in the east, but was always looked upon there with jealousy and distrust. The suppression of Gildon's revolt in Africa, and the marriage of his daughter Maria with the young Emperor, maintained his power in the west for thirteen years, at the end of which time the feeble mind of Honorius having become alienated from the only man who could support the dignity of his throne, a successful conspiracy was formed against him, and he was put to death at Ravenna, August 23, A. D. 408. Without giving implicit credit to the invariable panegyric of Claudian, or to the accusations which Zosimus and Suidas appear to have adopted from the virulent Eunapius, we may fairly collect from their statements, that, with much ambition, and perhaps some little taint of avarice, he was one of the greatest and most splendid public characters of the age in which he lived; and the slaves who murdered, and the prince who deserted him, must have soon

found that they had among them no successor for the chieftain who had baffled Alaric, and destroyed Radagaisus, the “ultimus Romanorum” of Rome’s degenerate days.

NOTE 16, line 359.

Their adamantine shield.] This metaphorical title formed part of the style of the Norman kings of Sicily, as may be seen from a diploma of King Roger, quoted by Giannone, L. ii. c. 4. “Rogerus Dei gratiâ Siciliæ, Apuliæ, et Calabriæ Rex, Adjutor Christianorum, et *Clypeus*.”

NOTE 17, line 399.

Its verdant head.] “With burnish’d neck of verdant gold.”—*Milton*.

NOTE 18, line 427.

And now from Rome to wrest her sceptre burns.] The conduct of Rufinus is alluded to in the following passage, which I extract from Montesquieu, 12. 8. “Une autre loi avoit déclaré que ceux qui attentent contre les ministres et les officiers du prince sont criminels de lèse-majesté, comme s’ils attentoient contre le prince même. (Qui de necesse virorum illustrium qui consiliis et consistorio nostro intersunt, senatorum etiam, vel cujuslibet postremo

qui militat nobiscum, cogitaverit, ipse quidem, ut pote majestatis reus, gladio feriat.) Nous devons cette loi à deux princes dont la foiblesse est célèbre dans l'histoire ; deux princes qui furent menés par leurs ministres, comme les troupeaux sont conduits par les pasteurs ; deux princes, esclaves dans le palais, enfans dans le conseil, étrangers aux armées, qui ne conservèrent l'empire, que parcequ'ils le donnèrent tous les jours. Quelques-uns de ces favoris conspirèrent contre leurs empereurs ; ils firent plus, ils conspirèrent contre l'empire ; ils y appellèrent les barbares ; et quand on voulut les arrêter, l'état étoit si foible, qu'il fallut violer leur loi, et s'exposer au crime de lèse-majesté pour les punir."

NOTE 19, line 437.

Cleave it ere they drink.]

—————" Truncæque bipennes,
Queis nemora, et solidam Mœotida cædere suetæ."

Stattius.

NOTE 20, line 446.

Thy warrior friend.] Promotus ; who was a general of great repute under Theodosius, and had distinguished himself by the defeat of the Gruthungi, and their King Odothæus, when that nation attempted to pass the Danube, A.D. 386. He commanded the cavalry in the war

with Maximus, 388; and was killed about the year 391, in a skirmish with the barbarians in Thrace. Zosimus accuses Rufinus of being the cause of his death, in revenge for a blow he had received from him; the silence, however, of Claudian may be considered as strong negative evidence in favour of the minister.

NOTE 21, line 457.

Loathsome in their form.] “To these real terrors, (namely, their numbers, strength, rapid motions, and implacable cruelty,) they added the surprize and abhorrence which were excited by the shrill voice, the uncouth gestures, and the strange deformity of the Huns. These savages of Scythia were compared (by Ammian), and the picture had some resemblance, to the animals who walk very awkwardly on two legs; and to the misshapen figures, the *Termini*, which were often placed on the bridges of antiquity. They were distinguished from the rest of the human species by their broad shoulders, flat noses, and small black eyes, deeply buried in the head; and as they were almost destitute of beards, they never enjoyed either the manly graces of youth, or the venerable aspect of age.” If any one will take the trouble of comparing this description of the Huns by Gibbon, with that by Archenholtz of the Calmucks in the Russian service, who invaded Prussia in the year 1757, he will find a

most striking similarity between them. Perhaps the campaigns of 1814 and 15 may have furnished the continent at least with a more recent comparison.

NOTE 22, line 492.

Till, drunk with carnage, droop'd the satiate spear.] So in the Prophet Jeremiah, 46. 10. "The sword shall devour, and it shall be satiate and made drunk with their blood." And Deut. 32. 42. "I will make mine arrows drunk with blood, and my sword shall devour flesh."

AFTER the death of Theodosius, the guardianship of both his sons was claimed by Stilicho, as a trust confided to him by his expiring master. In that capacity he put himself at the head of those eastern troops who had accompanied the late emperor into Italy, and declared his intention of personally reconducting them to Constantinople. Rufinus foresaw that his own downfall must speedily follow the arrival of so powerful a competitor, and, availing himself of the influence he still possessed over Arcadius, procured an order, which, reaching Stilicho not far from Thessalonica, forbade his nearer approach to the capital. He immediately surrendered his command of the troops to Gainas, a Gothic chief, on whose fidelity he

is suspected to have relied for the execution of his purposes, and returned to Italy. The indignation excited among the soldiery at this harsh treatment of a general whom they had learned to reverence, was great, but unsuspected by Rufinus, who seems to have looked upon their arrival with pleasure, as the destined instruments of his elevation to the throne. But when he met them with his pupil in the plain of Hebdomon, and the moment seemed now at hand for the completion of his ambitious desires, their ranks closed insensibly around him, and he found himself encircled, not by mercenaries or partisans, but by an exasperated crowd of remorseless enemies. The scene which followed, called by Gibbon his dissection, and which Claudian has described, in the Second Book of his Poem, with such horrible minuteness, will, I hope, justify me in having abstained from the translation of it. This latter book is, indeed, throughout very inferior to the first; the early part of it is too drily historical, and the catastrophe disgusting.

THIRD CONSULATE OF HONORIUS.

THIRD CONSULATE OF HONORIUS.

LET Rome her Consul's third accession own,¹
And thrice in pomp attend his curule throne :
The year be festal ; rich in gems and gold
Imperial purple learn the Gabine fold ;²
To mail, the civil garb ; to war's alarms—
Succeed the lictor and his peaceful arms.

And thou, with whom thine eastern brother's sway,³
Joint heirs of earth, her grateful realms obey,

Go prosperous forth, and bid the gladd'ning sun
Speed its new course, auspiciously begun, 10
That hails thee, mighty prince, to earth and heaven,
Their hope, their prayer, their joy, their glory given.
E'en at thy natal hour, with life's first sign,
A monarch's home and fost'ring care was thine ;
'Mid armed camps thine infant limbs were laid,
And Victory o'er thee spread her laurel shade:
And Fortune, proud from humbler lot to save,
At once existence and dominion gave.
The purple robe of power received the boy ;
The war-worn veteran came, and viewed with joy 20
His prince ; and eagles waved, and lances shed
Their beamy splendour round his cradled head.
Such was your birth ; then Germany the proud
Trembled ; and Caucasus his forests bowed :

Far Meroe owned the nascent Power, and tare
The idle arrows from her armed hair.
With trophy toys your childhood lov'd to play,
The blood-stain'd prize of many a battle day.
And as 'mid regal helms and shields you crept,
How fondly thence to his embrace you leapt, 30
Your warrior father's; when from Ister's shore
The conqueror back his crimson banner bore,
And, hot from slaughter, heard you claim your share
Of all his victor arm had gathered there;
Spoils of the Dacian and Suëvan foe,
The dart, the belt, the bridle, and the bow.

What joys would then the parent's soul absorb,
As, gaily lifted on the buckler's orb,⁴

He saw you smile, and ever as he prest
Your light limbs closer to his iron breast, 40
Mark undismayed his lurid helmet's gloom,
And grasp, and wanton with the wavy plume.
Then spake the fullness of paternal love—
“ O Ruler of the starry heav'n above,
“ So in this boy may martial ardour burn,
“ So may he oft from future foes return ;
“ Spoil of its wealth Hyrcania's guarded hoard,
“ Or stain with Parthian blood his maiden sword ;
“ And panting yet, while dust his armour dims,
“ And clings adhesive to his manly limbs— 50
“ The pledge of victory to his father bear,
“ My soul to gladden, and requite my care.”

But now, when ripening youth's maturer years
Awoke the wisdom of a parent's fears,
He would not see thee stretch'd on luxury's bed,
In mind and body feeble, slumb'ring, dead :
But nerved by daily toil thy tender frame ;
Urged the young effort, fanned the spark to flame ;
To brave the winter frost, and summer beam,
To scale the mountain, and to swim the stream, 60
The plain to scour, the broad ravine to leap,
Whole nights in arms thy weary vigils keep,
From thy cold helm to quaff the melted snow,
To whirl the island sling, and bend the bow,
These were his lessons ; and, to fire thee more,
He told the deeds of thy great ancestor ;^s
Whom Libya dreads, and farthest Thule's strand,
Though scarce could bark approach the lonely land ;

For he, ere sank the faithless Moor subdued,
The Pict, so rightly styled, and Scot pursued 70
With desultory warfare ; nor in vain
Cleft with bold oars the Hyperborean main,
And trophies mixed on ocean's boundary won
With spoils that glitter'd in the southern sun :
To win by praise, and by example move,
To stir within thee valour's fiery love,
He spake ; not Thetis' son, when Chiron old
His stores of treasured wisdom deign'd unfold,
The arts of healing, music, or the spear,
More quickly learned, or stood more fixed to hear.
But hark ! the din of war ! earth trembling feels
Disunion triumph as its thunder peals.
The gods are adverse, and successful crime
Pollutes our annals, uneffaced by time.

An exile, a barbarian gives command,⁶
 The Roman sceptre decks his client's hand.
 But lo! the monarch! hither in his cause
 The golden east her myriad nations draws.
 From swoln Euphrates' bank in arms they gleam,
 From Halys, and Orontes' richer stream. 90
 Forth from his desert hastes, and spicy grove,
 The wand'ring Arab, in new climes to rove.
 From Caspian shores, Niphates, Phasis, speed
 Th' Armenian hosts, the Parthian, and the Mede,
 With him to triumph, or with him to bleed.
 Say then, what martial fury swell'd thy breast,
 How every pulse the burning wish confest,
 To hear the spirit-stirring trumpet's strain,
 Joy in the bloody tempest of the plain,
 And plunge thy trampling footsteps 'mid the slain!

So the young lion, long compelled to share
His tawny mother's milk, and cavern lair,
Feels his teeth sharpen, and his claws protrude,
Waves his dark mane, and loathes his puny food ;
Burns with his sire about the fold to roar,
And bathe him in the bull's yet streaming gore.
This he forbids—but makes dominion thine,
And gives thy brow its meed, the diadem divine :⁷
And such thine early worth, that all complain
The word too long delay'd that bids thee reign. 110
Lo! speedy victory yields to both her palm ;⁸
Thy fates have triumphed, and thy father's arm.
For thee yon Alps their fastnesses disclose,
Their mountain bulwarks guard no more your foes.
Their ramparts fall in wild despair they saw,
And rocks in sunder torn give ingress to the war.⁹

For thee from those cold hills the northern blast
In storm and terror through their armies past;
Their spears repelled, and with the self-same dart
He hurled at you, transfix'd the warrior's heart. 120
Hail, dearly loved of Gods! for thee the Sire
Of wintry storms pours forth their armed ire;
Heaven fights thy battles, and, conspiring all,
The whirlwinds gather at thy trumpet's call!

Red lay the snows, and, Frigid now no more,¹⁰
The mountain-torrent smoked and foam'd with gore,
Which, clogg'd with dead and dying, else had stood
Stagnant, unaided by that sanguine flood.
He too is fall'n, the source of every woe,
Ere tardy Justice dealt the penal blow; 130

His own avenging arm for all hath paid,
And twice uplifted stained the deadly blade.

Now joy to earth, and peace, and freedom given,
Though nature call her champion back to Heaven,
And ope, to give the weary warrior rest,
The starry mansions of th' eternal blest ;
Though conscious Atlas bend, and mark with fear
The weightier burthen he is doom'd to bear ;
Yet thy lov'd form he lingers still to see,
Nor leaves the world till render'd up to thee. 140
Barbarian hordes among, o'er Thracian plains,
And rocks that listened to Orphean strains,
Toils eager on thy fearless course of speed ;
Herculean Cæta's lessening heights recede,

And now the cliffs around, above thee tower,
Of Pelion, erst the Nereid's bridal bower ;
Thee fair Enipeus hail'd, and, silent long,¹¹
Dodona's oak for thee renew'd its mystic song.
Next past th' Illyrian and Dalmatian shores,
And told the Phrygian streams Timavus pours, 150
Mid her tower'd towns exults fair Italy,
Hallow'd by thy approach, and consecrate to thee.
To thee submissive bends the hoary Po,
And bids his gentle wave more gently flow.
Her leafy head each sorrowing sister rears,
And dries for Phaëton her amber tears.

Then matrons joined without a blush the throng,¹²
And gazed in rapture as you past along ;

Nor these alone; youth felt the general rage,
 And childhood, struggling with severer age: 160
 As borne triumphant on, they saw thee prest¹³
 To meet the throbbings of a Father's breast;
 And mark'd the blended wreaths of laurell'd war
 Scarce dim the splendours of your holy car.

And "Hail!" they cried, "for surely from above,
 "Radiant as Sol and Lucifer ye move,
 "Fair as young Bacchus thou, august thy sire as
 Jove."

With answ'ring shouts the crested troops proclaim,
 Each in his country's tongue, thine honour'd name.
 Far flash the falchions in each moveless hand, 170
 As crops in Autumn close and bristling stand.
 The eye shrinks dazzled by that brazen light,
 That streaming fierce, insufferably bright,

Adds splendour to the noon-day : brilliant here
Alike the bow, the javelin, and the spear ;
And proud above the glitt'ring eagles sail,
And many a serpent banner courts the gale,¹⁴
Swells at each gust, and rears against the storm
The harmless terrors of its dragon form.
Arrived, the hall is cleared ; the chieftain still 180
Remains, obedient to his sovereign's will.
The wary prince, all others bids depart,
Confides in him, and opens all his heart.

“ To these my last requests do thou attend,
“ In war my champion, and in peace my friend :
“ For what my conquest, when thou wert not there ?
“ And what my triumph, that thou didst not share ?

“ Oft from our charge Sarmatia’s squadrons fled,

“ And Hebrus flush’d with Getic gore ran red.

“ Oft, side by side, on Thracia’s midnight snows,

“ We sought the transient blessing of repose ;

“ Or view’d our laden cars securely glide

“ O’er the firm surface of the Danube’s tide.

“ But Heaven expects me now—my course is run :

“ Complete, my friend, the task so well begun,

“ And as you served the father, guard the son. }

“ Both, both are thine—thy conquering arm alone

“ I leave protector of my children’s throne.

“ And O! if sweet the memory of the night

“ When favouring Hymen blest thy marriage rite,

“ And, waving wide his torch, an empress led

“ My own Serena to the bridal bed,

“ Oft in thy soul let that remembrance wake,
“ And love the brothers for the sister’s sake.
“ So shall I seek the stars without a fear.
“ Then let his giant bulk Typhœus rear
“ Unchained, and Etna, into ruin hurled,
“ Let loose Enceladus to waste the world ;
“ Thou shalt repel them all!”—The Monarch ended,
And visibly through Heaven in light ascended 210
Up to the lunar orb ; nor distant far
Hath left the threshold of th’ Arcadian star ;
Awhile delays the fragrance to inhale
From Venus wafted on the balmy gale ;¹⁵
Then onward hastes by Sol’s imperial throne,
Stern Mars, benignant Jove, and Saturn’s frozen zone.
Nor ceased his journey there ; the flaming gates
Of Heaven are open’d : there Boötes waits,

Inviting to the North; and eager there
Orion spreads the southern fields of air. 220
His choice they court, and humbly sue to gain
Such bright accession to their starry train.

O pride of Heaven, as glory once of Earth,
Spain still is dear, the land that gave thee birth:
And thine own ocean, in thine hour of rest,
Receives thee wearied on its grateful breast.
O happy Father, when thou deck'st the night,
The loved Arcadius greets thine early light;
And oft Honorius tempts thee to delay
The lingering splendours of thy western ray. 230
Though long thy course, and devious though it rove,
Still, still it bends thy children's realm above:

Sons, who mature the sway their sire begun,
And mildly govern what he bravely won.
Who form again the fabled age of gold
In purer metal, and a fairer mould.
Mourn, Avarice, mourn, in Stygian fetters held ;
And, mean Corruption, with thy bribes expelled,
Avaunt ! for wealth no more is all in all,
To lull the conscience, and the mind enthrall ; 240
For Virtue here hath fixed her stable throne,
Power meets her wish, and Honour is her own.

O kindred souls, to whose fraternal sway,
Earth hath remaining still a debt to pay—
The realms that bow'd not, when your grandsire
warr'd—
The chiefs who fell not, when your father spared—

Vulcanian arms for you, mid Etna's flame,
 The giant workmen on their anvil frame.
 Each gladly labouring plies his several task,
 Brontes the shield, and Steropes the casque; 250
 The shield, with many a bold device imprest,
 The lightning terrors of the lofty crest;
 And while Pyracmon's strength the corslet bends,
 From Lipari's groaning caves the lava tide ascends.
 Neptune for you, where float the green sea weeds,¹⁶
 Reserves and pampers his Ionian steeds;
 That o'er the main, or o'er the harvest borne,
 Skim the light foam, now bow the wavy corn.
 I see the spoil of Babylon appear—
 The Parthian fly with no dissembled fear, 260
 His conqueror's law the moody Bactrian hail,
 Proud Ganges serve, in abject terror pale,
 And Persia at your nod her gemm'd tiara vail.

Go! be your guide the polar stars, and tread
Where Tanais stagnates in its icy bed.
Go! brave the Libyan sun, the fiery sand;
By lonely Nile's untasted fountain stand:
Pass Bacchus' limit, scorn Alcides' bound;
Your power shall gird the solid earth around:
And shells, and coral from the rich Red Sea, 270
And silken vests, and myrrh, and ivory,
Shall Ind, and Araby, and far Cathay,
Low at your feet in tribute joy to lay. 273

NOTES

ON THE

THIRD CONSULATE OF HONORIUS.

NOTE 1, line 1.

Let Rome her Consul's third accession own.] Honorius was born at Constantinople, 9th Dec. 384, in the sixth year of his father's reign. His first consulship was in 386, with Evodius; his second and third, in 394 and 396, with his brother Arcadius.

NOTE 2, line 4.

The Gabine fold.] If any one desires an account of this particular fold, he shall have it in the words of Mr. Clarac, *Description des Antiques du Musée*. "Lorsqu'on ceignait sa toge à la Gabienne, le pan de derrière, repassé par-dessous le bras droit, venait envelopper le corps au-dessous de la poitrine, et on le nouait avec le pan de devant. On était alors moins embarrassé dans sa marche, et c'était ainsi que les anciens Romains allaient au combat." In this passage, however, it is considered as a dress of peace

and ceremony ; it was only accidentally used in war on one occasion by the men of Gabii, when their enemies took them by surprize.

NOTE 3, line 7.

And thou, with whom thine eastern brother's sway, &c.]
Their joint names were prefixed to every decree or edict, though applicable only to the dominions of the prince who made it.

NOTE 4, line 38.

As gaily lifted on the buckler's orb, &c.] Ov. Fasti, l. 3.

—————“ Scutoque nepotem

Fert avus, hic scutis dulcior usus erat.”

In the following lines, Claudian has made his young emperor bolder than Astyanax, who was frightened at his father's helmet. I suspect that this early instance of valour in Honorius is the greatest that his life affords. Metastasio has imitated this passage. Siroe, Act 3. Sc. 3.

“ So che a pagnar qualora

Partisti armato, o vincitor tornasti,

Gli ultimi è i primi baci erano i suoi ;

Ed ei lieto è sienro,

Al tuo collo stendea la mano imbelle ;

Ne il sanguinoso lume

Temea dell'elmo, o le tremanti piume.”

NOTE 5, line 66.

He told the deeds of thy great ancestor.] Theodosius, father of the emperor of that name, was sent by Valentinian, after the defeat of Fullofaudes, and death of Nectaridus, count of the Saxon shore, to repel the increasing encroachments of the Picts and Scots in Britain. He distinguished himself there by his bravery and military skill; and terminated a successful campaign by recovering a large tract of country from the barbarians, called from that time Valentia. On his return he was made Count, and succeeded Valens Jovinus as general-in-chief of the cavalry. The senate caused equestrian statues to be erected to his honour. His next expedition was against Firmus, who, having murdered his brother Zama, and assumed the title of king, had laid waste the Roman province of Mauritania, and burnt the flourishing city of Cæsarea. After a long, and for some time a successful resistance, the African, driven from tribe to tribe, and in danger of being betrayed by Igmazes, chief of the Isafenses, considered death by his own hands as preferable to falling into those of Theodosius, whom he had, not unjustly perhaps, though in but moderate Latin, designated as “suppliciorum sævium repertorem.” The Roman general returned triumphant, with the head of his enemy, but was not long afterwards put to death, by order of Gratian, as is most probable, though some suppose that

he was included under the proscription of Valens against all those whose names began with ΘΕΟΔ, it having been discovered by divination that some one of that description was destined to succeed him.

NOTE 6, line 85.

*An exile, a barbarian, gives command,
The Roman sceptre decks his client's hand.]*

The following account of these personages is taken from Lardner's *Heathen Testimonies*.

“Arbogastes,” [a Frank by nation : he was sent with Bauton by Gratian to the aid of Theodosius, A.D. 380] “a general of great authority and influence, having been provoked by some treatment received from Valentinian,” (the Second), “was the author, or at least the occasion, of his death. The manner of it is differently related ; it happened near Vienne, in Gaul. Arbogastes might have set himself up for sovereign ; but, being desirous, as is supposed, to avoid the reproach of the crime he had been guilty of, he gave that title to Eugenius, who, as Socrates says, was originally a grammarian, who had taught Latin with reputation ; but, leaving that employment, obtained a military post in the palace, (*εν τοις βασιλειαυσις εστρατευετο*), and was made Master of the Desks, (*αντιγραφευς*) to the Emperor. After the death of Valentinian, he assumed the supreme government of affairs in the

western part of the empire. The Emperor Theodosius, hearing of these things, was greatly disturbed in mind; collecting his forces therefore, and having appointed his son Honorius Augustus, when he himself was the third time consul; together with Abundantius, on the 10th of January, A.D. 393," (or rather, as Tillemont thinks, in the beginning of June, A.D. 394), "he set out, in great haste, for the western parts, leaving both his sons at Constantinople." On this I have only to remark, which I do with diffidence, that perhaps, "obtained a *military* post," is too literal a translation of the words used by Socrates, and which Dr. Lardner, as if doubtful of his own interpretation, has inserted in the text. The answering Latin term, *militia*, is certainly used to signify the performance of civil duties, "Fungitur autem *militiâ* in scriniis *literarum*," says Symmachus of his son, B. 7, Ep. 124. It is applied in the Theodos. Code to physicians. See Giannone, *Storia di Napoli*, 21. 6. Zosimus has the Greek phrase itself, *στρατεία ἐν τοῖς βασιλείοις*, speaking of Olympius, who was not, as far as I can find, a military officer.

NOTE 7, line 108.

And gives thy brow its meed, the diadem divine.] This ceremony took place, as Tillemont thinks, on the 20th November, 393, Honorius being then nine years and two months old. The time is principally fixed by an eclipse

of the sun, which happened on that day, and to which Claudian is supposed to allude in his Poem on the Fourth Consulship of Honorius. Aurelian was the first Roman emperor who wore the royal diadem; that which appears upon some of the statues of Nero was peculiar to the victors in the sacred games.—*Clarac. Antiq. du Muséc.*

NOTE 8, line 111.

Lo! speedy Vict'ry yields to both her palm.

Thy fates have triumphed, &c.

This was at first only an artful flattery of the poets, by which they attributed to the superior those victories which had been gained by his deputy. As Horace to Augustus,

“ Te copias, te consilium et tuos
Præbente Divos.”

And Ovid to the same,

“ Per quem bella geris, cujus tu corpore pugnas,
Auspicium cui das grande, Deosque tuos.”

Prose writers also have condescended to it, as Suetonius, “ Domuit autem, partim ductu, partim auspiciis suis Cantabrian,” &c. Julian, according to Zosimus, was equally civil to Constantius after he had defeated the Germans—*τη τετθ τυχη την νικην ανατιθεις*. Claudian inverts the order of all this, and oversteps the modesty of nature in ascribing in any way the victories of the veteran Theodosius to a boy nine years old.

NOTE 9, line 116.

*And rocks in sunder torn give ingress to the war,
For thee from these cold hills, &c.*

This description might lead one to suppose that there had been but one battle; in reality, however, there were three, in the first of which the passage of the Alps was forced; in the second, Theodosius was repulsed with great slaughter of his barbarian auxiliaries, whom he had placed in the vanguard; and in the third he obtained that decisive victory, which, together with the tempest that accompanied, and in part caused it, is considered by the Christian writers as due to a special interposition of Heaven, obtained by the prayers of Theodosius. “Magis orando quam feriendo pugnavit,” says Augustin, who quotes part of these famous lines, as Gibbon calls them. Orosius takes occasion from them to style Claudian a good poet, but an obstinate Pagan. A similar effect is attributed by Silius Italicus to the wind Vulturinus, which blew at the battle of Cannæ.

NOTE 10, line 125.

Frigid now no more.] The river Frigidus (which gives occasion to this pun) is a small stream in the country of Goritz, that falls into the Lisonzo above Aquileia, some miles from the Adriatic.—*Gibbon.*

NOTE 11, line 147.

Fair Enipeus.] He gets the beauty of the Enipeus from Homer, *Odyss.* 11, 237.

Ἦ ποταμῷ ηρασσατ' Ἐνιπῆος θειοιο,

Ὅς πολὺ καλλιστος ποταμῶν ἐπὶ γαίαν ἴησι.

NOTE 12, line 157.

Then matrons join'd, &c.]

“ All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him ; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses ; such a pother
As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
Had slyly crept into his human powers,
And given him graceful posture.”

Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. 1.

NOTE 13, line 161.

As borne triumphant on, &c.] It was a custom of the old Romans to carry their sons with them in the chariot, when they triumphed. So Livy, of the sons of Paulus Æmilius, “Quos prætextatos curru vehi cum patre, sibi ipsis similes prædestinantes triumphos, oportuerat.”

NOTE 14, line 177.

And many a serpent banner courts the gale.] Banners of this form were of eastern origin; they are mentioned by Vopiscus as part of the fruits of Aurelian's Persian victories. Ammian afterwards notices them in his description of the triumphal entrance of Constantius into Rome: “Dracones hastarum aureis gemmatisque summitatibus illigati, hiatu vasto perflabiles, et ideò velut irâ perciti sibilantes, caudarumque volumina relinquentes in ventum.” 16. 10. They were made to swell with the wind in this manner, to imitate real serpents, of which it is remarked as a peculiarity, that “they are often seen apparently to draw in their breath, without the smallest signs of their ever respiring it again.”—*Goldsmith, Animated Nature*, 5. 8. The Prophet Jeremiah seems to allude to this, chap. 14. 6, “They snuff up the wind like dragons.” Seneca observes it of them, particularly when they are angry, “Inflantur irritatis colla serpentibus.”—*De*

Irâ, l. 1. Claudian, as a heathen, omits the Labarum, or standard of the Cross, which used to precede the Dracones :

—————“ Prima hasta dracones
Præcurrit, quæ Christi apicem sublimior effert.”

Prudentius ad Symm. quoted by Baronius, A.D. 395.

NOTE 15, line 214.

From Venus wafted.] Authors disagree respecting the place which Venus should occupy among the planets ; Cicero makes her the nearest to the earth of any of them ; Guarini, I should suppose, means to put her in the third place, calling her “ Donna del terzo giro ;” Dryden in the fifth,

—————“ You serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.”

Pal. and Arcite.

She presides over the fourth month of the year, and the sixth day of the week.

NOTE 16, line 255.

Neptune for you, &c.] “ The horse was sacred to Neptune and the rivers, Hom. *Iliad*, 21. 132—Ζῶντες δ' ἐν δίνῃσι καθιέτε μωνυχᾶς ἵππους—and employed as a general symbol of the waters, on account of a supposed affinity which we do not find that modern naturalists have ob-

served—φιλολητρον ζων, ὁ ἵππος, καὶ φιλυῖρον, καὶ χαιρει λειμωσι καὶ ελεσι. *Aristot. apud Eustath. in Hom.*” The fable of Neptune’s bringing the horse out of the earth is well known. Virgil alludes to it in his First Georgic. In the Sixth Iliad, Paris is compared to a pampered courser—Εἰωθως λεσθαι ευρρειος ποταμοιο—which Virgil imitates, “*assuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto;*” and Claudian, de Nuptiis Honorii, “*Notos hinnitu flagitat amnes.*” For the substance of this note, I am indebted to Mr. —’s learned Inquiry into the Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology. The Horse races at Rome were instituted in honour of the Equestrian Neptune, under the name of Consus.

THE
MARRIAGE
OF
HONORIUS AND MARIA.



THE
MARRIAGE
OF
HONORIUS AND MARIA.

FIRED by the promised bride, through every vein

Augustus felt th' unwonted, pleasing pain

Rush tingling to the heart; and many a sigh

Scape from his breast, the novice knew not why,

Young, nor initiate yet in passion's mystery.

The steed, the dart, the chase, the sportive fray,

Attract no more: his mind is far away;

Sweet empire o'er it Love and Fancy claim,

And dwell delighted on the charms they frame.

Then burn the tell-tale blushes o'er his face, 10
Then the loved name his hands unbidden trace ;
Then from rich stores select with amorous care
Robes, such as Livia had been proud to wear ;
Gems, stars of Earth, that Heaven-born maids might
 prize,
That yield in brilliance but to Maria's eyes.
Yet hope deferr'd still sickens at delay,²
Slow wanes the moon, and weary wastes the day.
So burnt Achilles for the Scyrian maid,³
As o'er the loom with his her fingers strayed ;
Or wanted rosy through the hair of gold, 20
That trembling Ida must too soon behold.
“ And why,” he cries, “ doth he, my all-but Sire,
Retard my joys, and sport with my desire ;

Nor yield me her, sweet soother of my pain,
Adored, consenting, and betroth'd in vain!
Not mine the languid Pomp, at whose command
Art brings to view the loveliest of the land,
That poorly needs, a sluggish breast to warm,
The flatter'd graces of a pictured form.
Not mine the fickle heart that roving still, 30
Forms hourly ties and breaks them at its will.
No stranger to my heart, no bride unknown,
But her, the destined partner of my throne,
Her whom my father gave, and smiled to view
In her Serena's beauties bloom anew,
Sprung from my own Imperial race, I claim,
Bow to superior Love, and hail the tyrant flame.
Still hence to thee my trustiest nobles bear
A scorn'd complaint, an unavailing prayer.

Large is the boon, yet 'tis a Prince that sues, 40
A Prince, whose sire could nought to thee refuse.
And O! when happiest in Serena's arms,
Or fondly gazing on thy Maria's charms,
Let memory wake, and, spurning dull delay,
The father's bounty to the son repay. 45
And thou, whose softer sex, whose gentler heart
Feels for the wrong'd, and takes the lover's part,
My sister now, or, name that more endears,
Thou all but mother of my earlier years,⁴
The hand that once my tottering footsteps led— 50
The breast-soft pillow of my infant head—
Are those sweet cares forgotten? is the chain
That bound us, broken, ne'er to link again?
No! give thy daughter to the once loved boy,
His day be triumph, and his night be joy." 55

Love present smiled ; and o'er the silver sea
Rose proudly borne on airy pinions free,
To seek his Mother's isle, the Cyprian steep,
That towers impending o'er that southern deep,
By wealthy streams from seven-horn'd Nilus fed, 60
Where Proteus slumbers on his Pharian bed.
There snows descend not ; winds forget to roar ;
Stern winter banish'd flies the favoured shore ;
There Joy and Venus reign, and round them fling
The large indulgence of eternal spring. 65
A plain the summit forms ; and, bright around
A golden rampart guards the hallow'd ground :
Dark Vulcan framed it for his beauteous bride,
And bought with gold the kiss, to love denied.
Gay, flower-deck'd meadows bloom for ever there, 70
And ask no culture but the breathing air.

There, sweetest songsters fill the shady groves,
Whose choicer melody their Queen approves.
Through every leaf the genial power extends,
Palm nods to palm, to poplar poplar bends ;
Soft sighs come wafted on the Zephyr's wing,
And whispering tendrils interwoven cling.
Two streamlets issuing thence unite below,
Where sweet and bitter waters mingled flow.
There, as him lists to vex or sooth the heart, 80
Young Love capricious dips his fiery dart.
His myriad brethren, on that margent green,
Alike their arms, their habit, and their mien,
Play featly round, and him their ruler own ;
They, sprung from Nymphs; he, goddess-born alone.³
To them o'er vulgar mortals power is given ;
He rules the gods above, the star-like sons of Heaven:

Or, stooping from his height, hath deign'd to hold
 A monarch worthy of his shaft of gold.

The blest abode unnumber'd inmates share ; 90

Restraintless License reigns and revels there.

There are the wine-dew'd vigils of the night,

The pale cheek, grateful in a maiden's sight :

Young Boldness, wavering in his first essay,

Now awed, now tempted by the bashful prey :

Love's shortlived anger, " Beauty's virgin tear,"

Bliss snatched by stealth, and sweetly thrilling fear :

Light Perj'ries, by the fickle breeze upheld,

And Youth triumphant o'er excluded Eld.

There the bright palace of the Queen of love 100

Reflects the greenness of the circling grove.

There stands of Lemnian art the costly proof,

Where gold encompasses the emerald roof,

Upborne on many a column's massy plinth,
Hewn from the rock of living hyacinth. 105
Where'er it turn, the eye delighted falls
On gates of jasper, and berylline walls ;
Where'er around the wand'ring foot be led,
Neglected agate glows beneath its tread.

The central courts in rich profusion rear 110
The spicy produce of the eastern year.
There dusky cassia hails the ripening sun,
Amomum mild, and arid cinnamon :
The myrrh's soft tears in tardy tricklings flow,
And unctuous balsam gems the weeping bough.
His course ærial run, the winged God
Those halls of bliss with step exulting trod.

Throned in her inmost bower the Queen he view'd ;
Attendant near, her sister handmaids stood :
One grasp'd the silver vase, and sprinkling threw 120
Around the fragrance of its nectar dew ;
One held the ivory comb ; the third behind,
In varied wreaths her golden ringlets twined,
Drawn graceful back in many an orb'd maze,⁶
Where fancy dictates, and where art obeys, 125
Yet leaves one lock to wanton freely still,
In studied negligence of perfect skill.
No mirror there she needed ; every side
Of that bright hall her beauties multiplied ;
And when th' awakening image of her boy 130
Flash'd on her self-approving gaze of joy,
She turned with outstretch'd arms, and fondly prest
The darling wanderer to a mother's breast.

“ What ails my truant? what strange extasy

“ Beats in thy pulse, and sparkles in thine eye? 135

“ Whom have thine arrows reach'd? doth Jove again

“ Mix with the lowing herd on Sidon's plain?

“ Doth Titan tremble? or thy call compel

“ The moon to seek her Latmian shepherd's cell? }

“ Sure 'tis some mighty power, and hath withstood }

thee well!”

140

He, on her cheek reclined in blissful pride,

Snatch'd an ambrosial kiss, and eager cried—

“ Share thou my joy: Honorius feels the blow,

“ And sinks a victim to my conquering bow.

“ Young Maria's beauties, and her father's fame, 145

“ The matron honours of Serena's name

“ Thou know'st; O shed thine influence o'er the fair,

“ And smile propitious on a monarch's prayer:

“ Haste, Mother, haste!”—And at th’ inspiring sound,
Her locks half-braided, and her robe unbound, 150
The Goddess rose ; and round her lightly thrown,
The Cestus clasp’d, her beauty-breathing zone,
The magic circlet, that who owns, at will
Can stay the torrent, and the thunder still ;
Disarm the lightning, and with gentle power 155
Sooth air and ocean in their stormiest hour.
High on that rocky coast, that braves the main,
She claimed the service of her infant train.
“ Say which, my children, first shall nimbly glide
“ In search of Triton through the crystal tide? 160
“ For ne’er before did nobler duty need
“ My bearer’s strength, his spirit, and his speed,
“ Or holier rite demand me: servants true,
“ Haste, o’er th’ illimitable main pursue,

“ Whether, while angry winds around him rave, 165
 “ He lashes into foam th’ Ægean wave ;
 “ Or bids the Libyan deep responsive swell
 “ To the hoarse thunder of his deafening shell ;
 “ Produce him instant to my longing eyes :
 “ Away ! this golden quiver be your prize.” 170

She spake, and swift around the winged band
 Dispersed, obedient to her high command.
 Carpathian waves among the Sea-god roved ;
 And young Cymothoë there, the nymph he loved,
 The coy Cymothoë, from his eager arms 175
 Fled, with moist tresses, and disorder’d charms.
 And, “ Cease in vain,” his proud discoverer said,
 “ Mid ocean’s depths to hide thy wanton head ;

“ But haste our Queen to bear, nor disregard
“ Her power to bless thee with no mean reward: 180
“ For she who scorns and shuns thee now, shall smile
“ A more than recompense for every toil.”

Stern o'er the wave the monster rose to view,
Dash'd from his tangled locks the briny dew;
Thrice with broad breast and cloven hoof sprang on,
Thrice—and the fourth the shore of Paphos won:
There arch'd his pliant back, so deftly made
A couch to bear, a canopy to shade,
With purple splendid, and with roses gay,
Whereon, in graceful pomp, the goddess lay, 190
Her white feet glittering through the ambient sea,
Still'd, as she moved, in clear tranquillity;
Young Loves her course pursued, a frolic train,
And choral voices rose o'er Neptune's green domain.

Spring chaplets float around ; Palæmon's hand 195

His dolphin bridles with a rosy band :

And, o'er the weed while Nereus violets showers,

Glaucus his hoar hair wreathes with amaranthine

flowers.⁷

Swift at the Nereid's call their aid to lend

The thousand monsters of the deep ascend : 200

There bounds the tyger from Tartessus' cave,

To bear its lovely burthen o'er the wave ;

There the fierce ram, th' Ægean seaman's foe,

When meets the bark its unresisted blow :

And there the sea-calf, and the lion there, 205

Proud of her soft embrace, sustain the fair.

With many a rival gift the bride to deck,

Her hair to bind, and grace her snowy neck,

They come with jewell'd zone, and precious chain,
And crown, pearl-woven, from the Indian main : 210
Or pluck the coral from its brittle stem,
A plant beneath, above the wave a gem :
In naked beauty glide the train among,
And raise for her the laudatory song.

“ These votive tokens of our duteous care, 215
“ Gems, meet for queens to offer and to wear,
“ Present to Maria thou, and tell her none,
“ With brighter beam at Thetis' bridal shone,
“ Nor richer dower the God who rules the wave,
“ Our favour'd sister Amphitrite gave. 220
“ The daughter thus of Stilicho shall see
“ That ocean owns her happy sovereignty ;
“ True, as the day, when to th' Achaian shore
“ Our subject tides the great avenger bore.”

Now ceased the labours of the watery way, 225
On Genua's beach the wearied Triton lay :
Fast from his sinewy breast the foam-drops roll'd,
In loose extension drooped each scaly fold :
While she, through air ascending, sought the wall
Of Milan, founded by the wond'ring Gaul, 230
What time as piercing deep the stubborn ground,
The fleece-clad carcase of a boar they found.
Her blest approach to greet, the northern gale
Swept from the glittering Alps their cloudy veil ;
Her power unseen the soldier's hardy breast 235
With " nameless feelings of delight " imprest :
Twined round the standard blushing flowers appear,
And clothe with leafy green the living spear.
" Expel, my train," she cried, " the warrior God,
" Far from the halls my peaceful feet have trod ; 240

“ Far hence be now his fiery panoply,
 “ His falchion idle in the scabbard lie ;
 “ Firm fix’d in earth his eagle banner stand,
 “ His camp obedient but to my command ;
 “ Blythe, for his trumpet clang, his clarion’s swell,
 “ The flute’s soft breathings, and the softer shell,
 “ While feast and merriment the hours employ,
 “ Shall charm the night-watch with their voice of joy.
 “ Let awful Majesty, with brow serene,
 “ Partake the pleasures of the festive scene, 250
 “ And view, while madd’ning mirth distinction blends,
 “ The humble as the great, one populace of friends.
 “ Then give the reins to ecstasy—proclaim
 “ Law’s empire ceased—far hence be fear and
 shame—
 “ Light, Hymen, light thy torch at rapture’s flame!

- “ Ye, Graces, cull the flowers ; and, Concord, thou
“ The nuptial garland twine for either brow.
“ Ye, too, my delicate spirits, airy band,
“ As zeal may prompt you, or as need demand,
“ Dispersed prepare, with pendant lines of light, 260
“ To scare the darkness of the gath’ring night.
“ Strive o’er yon brilliant gates who first shall rear
“ The myrtle emblem, to your Mistress dear ;
“ Pour nectar streams from many a golden urn ;
“ And whole Arabian woods for incense burn. 265
“ Spread there the wonders of the eastern loom,
“ That shame the crocus in its pride of bloom ;
“ Let Tyre’s deep purple blaze beneath your tread,
“ As skill’d ye labour round that gorgeous bed,
“ And weave with gems the woof, and build it high
“ With pictured columns, and proud canopy,

- “ Such as not Lydia in her richest hour
“ Could raise to Pelops for his kingly bower ;
“ Such as not Bacchus in his slumber prest,
“ When Mænad matrons lull'd their god to rest, 275
“ Used for th' inebriate victor's couch to twine
“ The spoils of India with the leafy vine.
“ To greet my youthful king's admiring eyes
“ Let every old ancestral trophy rise ;
“ Whate'er his veteran grandsire proudly bore 280
“ From earth's far tribes, the Saxon, or the Moor ;
“ Whate'er his sire, with Stilicho to aid,
“ From all her realms tremendous home convey'd,
“ Prize of a thousand wars ! themselves to save,
“ Whate'er the Scythian or Armenian gave ; 285
“ Or shaft-crowned Meroë, from remotest Nile,
“ Supplied to decorate the lordly pile ;

“ Or Parthia proffer’d of her Median hoard,
 “ To buy remission from the Roman sword.
 “ Rich with barbaric wealth of pearl and gold, 290
 “ A nobler treasure fated soon to hold,
 “ Shall Beauty bless, and Glory smile above
 “ The sacred couch of Valour and of Love.”

She ceased, and, swift as heavenly natures glide,
 The chamber enter’d of the destined bride. 295
 The bride, who dreamt not of so proud a name,
 Or nuptial rite, or Hymeneal flame,
 But calmly duteous sate, intent to hear
 The grateful converse of her mother dear ;
 From precept learning, and observance too, 300
 Virtues, in her exemplified anew :

And still perusing with unwearied pains
The bards of Rome, or Greece's elder strains,
The Thracian Orpheus, the Mæonian sire,
And her, sweet mistress of the Lesbian lyre, 305
Enchanting Sappho : in the Muses' cave,
Such tasks Mnemosyne Thalia gave ;
Such gentle toil, beneath the palm-tree shade,
Imposed Latona on her Delian maid.
But now the luminous glow, the tenfold charm 310
Of air impregnate with celestial balm,⁹
The fragrant tresses, and the beaming eyes,
Love's Queen announce, the daughter of the skies.
Awhile she paused, and beauty's purest blaze
Admired in each, contending for her praise ; 315
The virgin's mantling blush ; the golden hair,
And ivory bosom of the elder fair ;

Her, like the young and crescent moon to heaven,
And her, in all its orb'd fulness given.

Thus oft, in laurel groves, a tender shoot 320

Ascends contiguous to the parent root,

In kindly promise soon as wide to spread

The verdant honours of its branching head.

Thus oft in Pæstum's Flora-favour'd fields,

Where each bent stalk perpetual roses yields, 325

This blooms mature, and, many an April hour,

Hath drunk the softness of the vernal shower ;

While this still lingers in its bud to shun

The fiery kisses of th' enamour'd sun.

Then first the Goddess spake, with accents mild : 330

“ Hail, maid august, Serena's worthy child,

“ Sprung from a kingly race, and destined soon

“ To give th' expecting world as proud a boon ;

“ For thee well pleased to leave my Cyprian home,
“ O'er the broad bosom of the main I come : 335
“ My task, to rescue beauty's early bloom
“ From chill seclusion's solitary gloom :
“ Each hour to shorten, and each bar remove,
“ That keep the youthful lover from his love.
“ To this thy race is fated ; take the crown, 340
“ And hand it to thy children's children down,
“ And grace the regal halls, that will not be
“ Without Serena, if she gives them thee.
“ And O ! if Kindred did not doubly bind¹⁰
“ The hearts where Love his flowery chain hath
twined, 345
“ If from a foreign stock thou cam'st to bless
“ The empire due to such high loyeliness,

“ Where beam there eyes more sparkling with com-
mand ?

“ When glow’d the sceptre in a worthier hand ?

“ How vainly with that bosom strive the snows, 350

“ That hair the violet, or those lips the rose !

“ How just the eyebrow’s blending shades appear,

“ So coyly separate, yet so fondly near !

“ How sweetly temper’d o’er thy cheeks are spread

“ Their pure and delicate white, their healthy red.

“ Aurora’s fingers thine, and Dian’s arms ;

“ With all, and more than all, thy mother’s charms.

“ Shall Bacchus for his bride in dowry set

“ A sign in heaven, her radiant coronet ;

“ Nor thou, far more than Ariadne fair, 360

“ A crown as precious and as lovely wear ?

" 'Tis thine! Boötes culls each heavenly gem,
 " And new-born stars arise for Maria's diadem!
 " Go! for thy consort merits such a bride:
 " Go! wed dominion: Danube's subject tide, 365
 " And Rhine, and Elbe, and they that tread the shore
 " Of wild Sigambria, shall thy name adore.
 " Haste! for the myriads, whom to count were vain,
 " Remotest borderers on th' Atlantic main,
 " For the wide world, thy dower, invites its queen
 to reign." 370

She ceased, and every bridal ornament,
 That late the Nereids in their bounty sent,
 Round her fair neck and glowing limbs entwined;
 Her gracious task the Virgin's zone to bind,

To part the glossy locks, and o'er them throw 375
The veil depending from her maiden brow.

Now round the gates attending myriads throng,
With gorgeous litter, and with choral song.
And he—that casts, ere half its course be run,
His eyes impatient on the tardy sun— 380
Like some proud courser pants the youthful king,
When love comes floating on the gales of spring,
Speeds the wild throb through every burning vein,
Swells his arch'd neck, and trembles in his mane ;
Nerves the light limbs, and fires the nostril's blaze,
As bounding to his wonted stream he neighs ;"
While they that own the pleas'd, the fruitful stud,
Hope strength and swiftness from his generous blood.

Now, robed in white, their armour cast aside,
 Around the father of their monarch's bride 390
 His host exults: rude hands, that wont to rear
 War's iron load, the standard or the spear,
 Wreathe myrtle now and laurel crowns; and shower,
 To grace their leader, every blooming flower;
 And thus they sing—"If thy rewarded spirit, 395
 "O holy sire, Elysian vales inherit,
 "Or heaven's sublimer courts 'tis thine to tread,
 "Behold thy wish fulfilled—the nuptial bed—
 "Where grateful Stilicho repays thy boy
 "His debt to thee for many an hour of joy. 400
 "O wise as bounteous in thy choice of worth,
 "In thy last legacy of love to earth,
 "Gaze unrepentant on the chief who bears,
 "As form'd for empire, its entrusted cares.

- “ The chief, whose warrior deeds our song could tell,
“ Mid Hæmus’ cliffs, in Strymon’s blood-stain’d dell—
“ How sank the foes, when, lightning-like reveal’d,
“ Blazed in the van his well-remember’d shield—
“ Did Hymen not forbid : such times require
“ A theme accordant to his softer lyre. 410
“ Who skill’d as thou the happy point to fix,
“ Where lenient equity and justice mix ?
“ In whom each rare-found excellence combined,
“ Sense, boldness, strength—of body as of mind ?
“ A brow like thine dominion seeks in vain, 415
“ To wear its honours, and its toil sustain.
“ Mix’d with the vulgar throng, who sees thee, cries—
“ This, this is Stilicho ! To all men’s eyes
“ Power speaks its presence—not in accent loud,
“ In gait assuming, or in gesture proud. 420

“ Whate'er mankind affects, or toils to be,
“ That bounteous Nature freely gives to thee ;
“ Where beauty still in manly sternness glows,
“ Sheds o'er thy front her venerable snows,
“ And, all that harms in either age withheld, 425
“ Blends youthful vigour with the port of eld.
“ The man adorns his high estate—no more
“ Injurious swords are stain'd with civil gore ;
“ Nor weakly kind, nor hatefully severe,
“ Alike we love thee, and alike we fear ; 430
“ Our very fear is love ! hail, faithful, just,
“ Conspicuous guardian of the mighty trust,
“ The laws and peace of Rome ! now, leader true,
“ Now, happy sire, our reverence most is due
“ To him, whom this auspicious hour invites 435
“ To crown thy victor arms with Hymeneal rites.

“ Then wear our garlands ; mingle with our throng ;

“ Indulge the day to license and to song.

“ So, more than thou, Eucherius be our pride ;¹²

“ So, bright Thermantia be as loved a bride : 440

“ So Maria, teeming from her lord’s embrace,

“ Give speedy promise of a glorious race,

“ And soon, in purple born, a princely boy

“ Sport on his grandsire’s knee, thy treasure, and thy
joy !”



NOTES

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF HONORIUS AND MARIA.

NOTE 1, line 1.

Fired by the promised bride, &c.]

“ Piu del usato fervidi ed ardenti
Agitando si van gli spirti in seno,
E certi moti nel tuo cuor gia provi,
Di cui l'origin cerchi, è non la trovi.”

Duchessa del Vastogirardi.

NOTE 2, line 16.

But hope deferred, &c.]

Et, quâ non gravior mortalibus addita cura,
Spes, ubi longa venit.—*Statius.*

NOTE 3, line 18.

The Scyrian maid.] Deidamia, daughter of Lycomedes, King of Scyros, where Achilles was hid in female attire. She fell in love with the disguised hero, and became the mother of Pyrrhus.

NOTE 4, line 49.

Thou all but mother of my earlier years.] Ælia Flaccilla, the mother of Honorius, was daughter of Antonius, a Spaniard by birth, Prefect of Gaul in the beginning of the reign of Gratian, and Consul, A.D. 382, with Syagrius. She died in 385, the year after the birth of her son Honorius.—*Tillemont*, vol. v. pp. 143, 192, 215.

NOTE 5, line 85.

They, sprung from Nymphs, &c.] Μηλα Ἐρωτες ἰδὲ τρυγῶσιν. εἰ δὲ πλῆθος αὐτῶν, μὴ θανμασης. Νυμφῶν γὰρ δὴ παῖδες ἔτοι γιγνόνται, τὸ θνητὸν ἅπαν κυβερνωῦτες. Πολλοὶ, διὰ πολλὰ ὦν ἔρωσιν ἀνθρώποι, τὸν δὲ κραιῶν φασιν ἐν τῷ κραιῶν πραιτεῖν τὰ θεῖα.—*From Philostratus, in Geertz's Notes to the Sylva of Statius, 3. 4. 29.*

NOTE 6, line 124.

In many an orb'd maze.] This mode of dressing the hair in orbs was the fashion also among earthly beauties.

“ Unus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum

Annulus, incertâ non bene fixus acu.

Martial, in Lalagen.

“ Pectitque comas, et volvit in orbem.”

Juvenal.

NOTE 7, line 198.

Glaucus his hoar hair wreathes with amaranthine flowers.] He must have been nearly as good a figure as old Hyems in Shakspeare,

———“ on whose chin and icy crown

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is as in mockery set.”—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

NOTE 8, line 224.

Our subject tides the great avenger bore.] Stilicho undertook this expedition in the year 396, not long after the death of Rufinus, when Alaric, having forced the pass of Thermopylæ, was ravaging the Peloponnese. He defeated the Goths in several engagements, and at last succeeded in cooping them up on a small hill in Arcadia,

and in turning the course of a stream which might have supplied them with water. By some unaccountable negligence or mismanagement, however, they were suffered to escape from this desperate situation, and to retire across the gulf into Epirus; where Alaric established himself, and, entering into treaty with the Byzantine court, was rewarded, as Claudian indignantly complains in his poem against Eutropius, with the government of East Illyricum, for the devastation he had caused in Greece.

NOTE 9, line 311.

Of air impregnate with celestial balm.] Æschylus makes Prometheus, “fastened to his rock,” perceive the fragrance of the Ocean nymphs some time before their appearance upon the stage:

τις οἴμη προσεπτα μ' ἀφεγγης;
θεοσυτος, ἢ βροτειος, ἢ κεκραμενη;

NOTE 10, line 344.

And O! if kindred did not doubly bind, &c.] “In the accidents of household conversation,” says Jeremy Taylor, upon the subject of the marriage of cousin-germans, “the stock of kindred comes in by way of auxiliary forces to establish a declining or tempted love: and they

understood this well, who made it an objection against the marriage of kindred, lest the love being upon two accounts should be too violent. But I suppose that they who were concerned in such marriages will not fear the objection; but they have reason to value the advantage, (*dum pietas geminato crescit amore*) while the marital love is supported by the cognation." Honorius valued this advantage so much, that after the loss of Maria, who died young, he married her sister Thermantia.

NOTE 11, line 386.

As bounding to his wonted stream he neighs.] The horse, being a water-loving animal, (see Note 16 on the Third Consulate of Honorius,) is not only delighted in resorting to it, as he is here described, but is endued with a highly exquisite faculty of discovering it, in which, however, he is surpassed by the mule, as appears in the following extract from Humboldt's Personal Narrative (in Mrs. Williams's Translation). "No sooner is the stable opened, than you see the horses and mules, especially the latter, the penetration of which exceeds the intelligence of the horses, rush into the savannahs. Their tail raised, their head thrown back, they run against the wind, stopping from time to time as if they were exploring space; they follow less the impressions of sight than of smell, and at length announce by prolonged

neighings that there is water in the direction of their course.”

NOTE 12, line 439.

So more than thou Eucherius be our pride.] Eucherius was the son of Stilicho; he was put to death soon after his father, who has been suspected of an intention of raising him to the imperial dignity. Thermantia was divorced about the same time. Honorius had no children by either of the sisters.

EPITHALAMIUM
ON THE
MARRIAGE
OF
HONORIUS AND MARIA.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF

HONORIUS AND MARIA.

O FAIRER than the stars on high,
With whom nor Parthian archers vie,¹
Nor Scythian rulers of the steed ;
What praise shall be thy worthy meed ?
What voice shall honour here combined 5
The beauteous form, the lovely mind ?
Thee Thetis, thee would Leda prize,
For thee their warrior sons despise.

In Delos' isle, on Lydia's shore,
 Apollo, Bacchus, charm no more,
 And all thy greater name adore. 10 }
}
 And when the forest's oaken glades
 In "panting speed" thy courser treads,
 And the loose ringlets of thy hair
 Float buoyant on the wanton air, 15
 Before thee shall the quarry lie,
 As at thy feet 'twere joy to die,
 And the proud lion rise elate,
 To meet from thee a kingly fate.
 E'en should Adonis' self return, 20
 Venus the humbler youth would spurn;
 Nor Virbius in reviving charms²
 Be clasped again in Cynthia's arms.

And when at noon thou lov'st to shun
In some cool cave the fiery sun, 25
Or yield to sleep's seducing power
Beneath the plane-tree's shadowy bower,
How every Dryad's heart shall bound,
And tip-toe Nairs linger round,
Half-venturing, half-afraid to sip 30
The nectar of thy rosy lip.
But where is he, with soul endued
So wildly, barbarously rude,
Who, when thy splendour round him broke,
Bow'd not with joy to such a yoke, 35
More blest to live enthrall'd by thee,
Than roam in savage liberty?
If mid Caucasian snows afar
Its Amazons beheld thee war,

To thee the virgin band would yield, 40

Nor lift in vain the moony shield.

Their Queen, inflamed by new desire,

Forgetful of her Thracian Sire,

Though shrill to arms the trumpet call,

Would let her axe of iron fall, 45

And, all her feebler sex confest,

Resign the zone that girds her breast,

The trophy in her hour of pride

To great Alcides' self denied.

The loosen'd fold would half betray 50

The yielding bosom's panting play,

And beauty win alone the day. }

O happiest of the happy she,

Whose first love sigh is breathed for thee,

The maid whom thou hast deign'd to bless, 55

In all thy pomp of loveliness !

Let Earth be drest in her gaudy vest,

Her nuptial robe of spring ;³

Let every wood, and every flood,

And the depths of Ocean sing. 60

Liguria's vale, our bridal hail ;

Venetian hills, be glad ;

And red be the snow on yon Alpine brow,

With sudden roses clad.

The sedges dank on Mincio's bank 65

Breathe gentle melody ;

And the willows of Po to that murmur low

In whispers soft reply.

With louder voice her Monarch's choice

Let Rome exulting tell, 70

Let the festal song her hills among

Far down the Tiber swell.

Heard be the strain in distant Spain,

The mother-land of Kings ;

Where for every Chief the laurel leaf 75

Of endless glory springs.

'Tis there we trace the Bridegroom's race,

And her's who bare the Bride,

And the streams rejoin of empire's line

In one commingled tide. 80

Be fresher green round Bætis seen,⁴

In Tagus brighter gold ;

And the sea gods sport in the crystalline court

Their ancient waves enfold.

Through East and West, by all men blest, 85

Swift let the tidings run,

And the cities be gay, that bask in the ray

Of the rising or setting sun.

And come not forth from the gloomy North,

Ye howling tempests drear ; 90

Far hence begone, and Zephyr alone

Rule the rejoicing year.

Chieftain ! crown with flowers thy hair,
Wont the helmet's weight to bear ;
Hushed be the trumpet ; Hymen far 95
Drive the rugged God of war.
Soon shall imperial arms embrace
The Maiden of imperial race ;
And soon another bond entwine
Thy fortunes with th' Augustan line. 100
Then bid the holy rite proceed,
That gives thee this thy dearest meed,
And, proud in honest power, defy
The blunted shafts of obloquy,
The malice of the baffled foe, 105
Who dared to cope with Stilicho !

But lo! where o'er the genial bed,
Proud its Idalian beam to shed,
The star of eve, to Venus dear,
Hastes the bridal lamp to rear. 110

Fast now the Maiden's tears are flowing,
Warm through the veil her blush is glowing;
And sparkling tears, and blushes bright,
But kindle love, and aid delight.

No rose shall e'er his breast adorn, 115
Who shrinks to touch its guarding thorn,
And coward he, who will not seize
The plunder of the Hybla bees,
Though swarms defend with angry sting
" Their honey, redolent of spring." 120

But he who lingers now, foregoes
More than the honey or the rose.

Then haste to make her all thine own,
Nor spare her shame, nor dread her frown ;
For such a strife enhances joy, 125
And most she fires, who most is coy ;
And sweetest is the kiss that dries
A tear-drop from beloved eyes.
But we the while, a sportive throng,
Tune the licentious lyre to song, 130
And bid the pipe's exulting measure
Breathe of revel, breathe of pleasure !
Chiefs no more with armour laden,
Active youth, and nimble maiden,
Haste, 'tis freedom's sacred hour, 135
Dance ye round the nuptial bower.
And still, as earth your quivering feet
To the light notes according beat,

Let the midnight air around
To your choral chaunt resound ; 140
And tell the lands, that far and wide
Lie stretch'd beyond the Ocean tide,
That Maria is Honorius' bride !

}



NOTES

ON THE

EPITHALAMIUM.

NOTE 1, line 2.

With whom nor Parthian archers vie, &c.] The Emperor's feats in archery and horsemanship, which are only briefly touched upon here, receive more perhaps than their due proportion of praise in the Poem on his Fourth Consulship. There, he is told that he never misses his aim; that he unites the various excellences of the Cretan, Armenian and Parthian management of the bow:

“ So stood Alcides, in the Theban games,
With beauty toil-enflamed, his country's shafts
At beasts directing, destined soon to pierce
The Giant host, and give repose to heaven :
So bloody still return'd, and bore the prey
To pleased Alcmena : such a form as thine
Apollo wore, when through his shatter'd grove
The vanquish'd Python wreathed its dying folds.”

His equestrian skill too surpasses that of all nations ;
no one can keep pace with him ; the most famous horses
of antiquity—Arion, Cyllarus, Xanthus, Pegasus,

“ And Æthon, rapid harbinger of morn,
Before whose neighing the stars flee, who bears
The rosy Lucifer”—

would all shake off their proper masters, to carry so exquisite a rider. Nevertheless, he soon gave up all these violent exercises, and betook himself to the less heroic amusement of feeding chickens.

NOTE 2, line 22.

Nor Virbius, &c.] Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, whose fate is well known to the reader of Euripides or Racine, was brought to life again, as Virgil reports, by the skill of Æsculapius and the love of Diana. He passed the whole of his new existence, under the name of Virbius, in the inglorious seclusion of her Arician temple among the woods of Italy.

NOTE 3, line 58.

Her nuptial robe of spring.] Rousseau has this idea in one of his Reveries, where he speaks of the earth, “ vivifiée par la nature, et revêtue de sa robe de nûces.” —*Promenade*, 7.

NOTE 4, line 81.

Be fresher green round Bætis seen.] The grass of Bætica, as well as its air and water, is celebrated by Juvenal :

—— ———“ quarum generosi graminis ipsum
Infecit natura pecus ; sed et egregius fons
Viribus occultis, et Bæticus adjuvat aer.”

“ Crimsons deep tinctured in the Bætic air,
Where herbs and springs of secret virtues stain
The flocks at feed with nature's richest grain.”

Gifford.

THE
GILDONIC WAR.

THE
GILDONIC WAR.

OURS is the South once more : our rule extends,
Where, arch'd by other heavens, far Libya bends !
The sever'd worlds one common Lord obey,
And own the reins of undivided sway.
Fix'd firmly now—fraternal Concord waves 5
Its holy banner o'er the land it saves :
And now—'twas all his Father had not done--
A third usurper falls beneath the Son.'
The mind still shrinks incredulous from the theme,
Still doubts, and trusts not in its gaudy dream, 10

Scared by excess of joy: the guarded shore
 Yet hardly touch'd, resistance was no more;
 And scornful Victory saw opposed in vain
 The feeble barriers of the land and main.
 One only messenger proclaim'd the blow 15
 That crush'd the beaten, chased, and captured foe;
 And, gladdening all, the laureate tidings came
 Ere War's first breath had swell'd the trump of Fame.
 What God hath sped the work? could one short hour
 Thus hurl to earth so long cemented power? 20
 And has not Gildon heavenly vengeance rued,
 Denounced in Winter, and in Spring subdued?²
 Of sustenance deprived, impending fate
 Rome saw, and shudder'd; up to Heaven's high gate
 With alter'd mien her weary way she took; 25
 Nor her's the voice of pride, or haughty look,
 That erst the Briton awed, and timid India shook. }

Slow now her step ; her accents feebly rise ;
 The skin hangs shrivell'd round her sunken eyes ;
 Low droops the wither'd arm, and scarce can wield 30
 The vain defence of her neglected shield :
 Grey scatter'd hairs beneath her helm appear,
 And, dragg'd behind her, grates the rusty spear.

She clasp'd the 'Thunderer's knees, and gave to flow,
 Uncheck'd, the plaintive bitterness of woe. 35

" If sooth what o'er my nascent state foretold
 The regal Augur, and the Sybil old ;
 If e'er 'twas promised or deserved to be
 A sure possession to eternity ;
 If yon Tarpeian towers, immortal Jove, 40
 Have not for ever lost thy guardian love,

O! hear thy suppliant now! she asks no more
To plant her eagles on the Red-sea shore,
O'er bridged Araxes asks no more to tread,
Or view her Fasces quiver'd Susa's dread: 45
Those days are past: for food, for life we bow—
'Tis thine own people—save them, Father, now!
Our ills might sure the deadliest wrath appease:
E'en Parthia shuddering turns from woes like these:
Stern though they are, the misery we have borne 50
The Gete must pity, the Suevan mourn!
I pass the fever fires, that daily doom
Their myriad victims to the crowded tomb;
And flooded Tiber's rage, though swoln the tide,
Climbs my seven Hills, and tops my rampart's pride;
Forlorn beneath the whelming wave I rove,
And hear the dashing of the oar above.

No, these I mourn not now : the Latian arm
Is palsied : broken is the potent charm
That gave me Empire : sapless and decay'd 60
I slowly wither in the deepening shade—
I, wise in council, terrible in war,
Who gave of old the subject world my law—
And view'd my dazzling course of glory run'
To east and west—companion of the sun! 65

“ When Cæsar grasp'd the common rights of all,
I saw the wreck of pristine morals fall ;
Saw one by one my arts imperial cease,
Then sank on Slavery's breast, and deem'd it peace.
Then Libya and the Nile sustain'd with food 70
My Senate, and my mighty multitude ;

So was my service paid ; and many a sail
 From each came wafted by the summer gale.
 Secure I dwelt : if Memphis e'er denied,
 Gætulian harvests well my need supplied. 75
 For me their nerves I saw the rivals strain,
 For me their sparkling canvas stud the main.
 But now another Rome hath risen to share
 My name and power, and Egypt from me tear.
 Now, Libya only left, I mark'd with fear 80
 The varying promise of the doubtful year :
 On chance dependent, and to fate resign'd,
 If fail'd the harvest, or if veer'd the wind.

“ This too is gone : no more the main is free,
 And Autumn yields its wealth, but not for me. 85

O'er the blue deep I gaze, and trembling hail
 Each rising cloud that Fancy deems a sail,
 The boon that Power in pity casts away,
 The remnant of the satiate robber's prey.

“ It comes at last : the Moor hath sent us food :
 The Moor for this demands our gratitude ;
 'Tis bounty now, not duty ! he, the while,
 Beholds his famish'd slaves with scornful smile,
 What man may suffer in his balance weighs,
 Death's hour by scanty sustenance delays, 95
 Joys in a people's tears ; and o'er their head
 Suspends destruction by a single thread.
 He sells the produce of *my* fields—*my* sword
 Won the fair land, that calls the rebel, ‘ Lord.’
 And did for this my standard blaze unfurl'd, 100
 When with me Carthage battled for the world ?

For this calm Regulus return to die ?

Paulus for this from Cannæ scorn to fly ?

For this my navy rise, my clarion's strain

Inflame the fury of the troubled main? 105

And o'er my wasted land, with corpses spread,

The Punic Victors stamp their haughty tread,

As from the shatter'd Alps tremendous down

They darted on my terror-stricken Town ?

And did I stand their shock, and brave their power,

And watch, and combat for my Colline tower,

And thrice did Carthage sink beneath my blow,

That *He* should profit of my conquer'd foe ?

O meet return to groaning Italy,

For ages wasted on the war for me ! 115

High meed of Fabius' and Marcellus' toil,

That *He*, that *Gildon* should enjoy the spoil !

Syphax the poison-bowl despairing drain'd :
Crush'd by Metellus, and by Marius chain'd,
Jugurtha graced our triumph—and their land, 120
Numidia bows to Gildon's high command !
In vain our life-blood flows, we strive in vain ;
E'en Scipio conquers, that a Moor may reign.
The warrior-nation, that has ruled the globe,
That gave to kings the sceptre, and the robe ; 125
Fierce as their foe, and gentle as their lord,
In fight resistless, and in power adored,
Dishonour'd live, or yield their forfeit breath,
While Peace denies them ev'n a soldier's death,
And Famine girds them round, a viewless foe, 130
And slowly deals th' inevitable blow.
Too prosperous Fate my streets—my tower-crown'd
 hills—
With fatal pride of population fills,

And Conquest, at its height most justly fear'd,
Weighs down to earth the stately pile it rear'd.⁶ 135
O! would some favouring power restore again
The Sabine borderers on my old domain,
Bid Veii tower anew, till shrunk and small
As erst when Ancus ruled my narrow wall,
Though poor, contented, I demand no more 140
Save Tuscan produce, and Campanian store ;
And new Dictators bear their harvest home,
With it to satisfy the need of Rome!
But now what hope? while Gildon Libya sways,
Egyptian Nile my rival's power obeys; 145
And I, whose sinewy arm, o'er land and sea,
Cleft its red path to fame and victory,
Spoil'd of that meed that cheers the war-worn brave,
Starve in my age, a beggar and a slave!

Ye gods, who gave me greatness in your ire, 150
Plead now my cause, and mediate with your Sire ;
And thou, that camest o'er the deep from far,
In Almo's stream to bathe thy lion car,⁷
If Ida vie not with my Palatine hill,
Mother, implore thy Son, and bend him to thy will !
But, if the Fates forbid ; if fate dispell'd
The treacherous day-dreams of prophetic eld ;
Yet, for thou canst, some other death bestow,⁸
And crush thy suppliant with a gentler blow.
Bid Tarquin lord it in my halls again— 160
Renew the massacre of Allia's plain—
The flame, the sword, the Tyrant, or the Gaul—
Spare me what now I feel, and welcome all !”
She ceased, and wept in silence : the stern brow
Of Mars grew darker—anger's crimsoning glow 165

Flush'd Cytherea's cheek—for Vesta scorn'd,
 Purest and holiest once, Minerva mourn'd—
 And Juno's glistening eye compassion's tear
 adorn'd. .

Loud moan'd the Heroes of the land—the souls
 That grateful Rome among the blest enrols, 170
 And they who dwell but by her sufferance there,^o
 Received, her worship and her fate to share.
 The Sire of all was moved, and raised his hand
 Commanding silence from that holy band—
 When sudden shrieks up Heaven's wide concave
 rang, 175

And through the starry portal wildly sprang
 Indignant Afric: on her swollen face
 Big fiery tears had left their blistering trace;

The wheaten chaplet, and the ivory crown
Hung from her raven hair disorder'd down. 180
“ And why,” she cried, “ All-powerful Jove, refrain
To break the floodgates of the mighty main ?
Nor bid thy brother in his wrath preside
O'er earth, low whelm'd beneath the bursting tide ?
I court its dreadful inroad : I can brave 185
The smothering quicksand, and the drowning wave ;
In calm despair the wide destruction see,
And ev'n in ruin smile, from Gildon free !
More blest the desert—where protecting heat
Yields from his tyranny secure retreat : 190
To me let Earth extend her burning zone ;
On me the sun-beams from Heaven's central throne
Fall unremitting : arid, parch'd, consum'd,
Where once my harvest waved, my garden bloom'd,

Let horned serpents rear their threatening coil, 195
Sole lords and produce of the thirsty soil!

“ For me the vernal shower, the summer breeze,
But raise new stores his pamper'd taste to please :
His iron yoke, for twelve disastrous years,
Has bow'd my neck, and rusted with my tears : 200
Grown old in crime, habituate to my pain,
He pleads possession for his guilty reign.
His reign ! not such my fortune : like a vile
Neglected farm, from Atlas to the Nile,
The choicest gifts of earth, the loveliest, fall 205
To one base robber, who misuses all ;
And, as each vice predominates by turns,
As Interest sways him, or as Passion burns,

The living spoils, inherits from the dead,¹⁰
Assails the virgin's and the matron's bed ; 210
Foul Avarice, fouler Lust my sons affright—
Wealth shuns the day, and Honour dreads the
 night.

The hoarded gold, the young, the lovely wife,
Demand their mark'd possessor's forfeit life ;
And, if calumnious accusations fail, 215
And conscious Virtue in its might prevail,
Bid to the Tyrant's feast he yields his breath,¹¹
And finds him skill'd in every mode of death.
There, cool and sparkling high his thirst to slake,
Are the green foamings of the venom'd snake—¹²
Rare, curious herbs—to step-dames yet unknown—
And, should he shun the pledge, or dare to groan,¹³

'Tis but a nod—and at the sacred board,
Some slave assassin bares the ready sword.
Each, to his couch in silent terror fix'd, 225
Beholds for him the doubtful beverage mix'd,
Tastes the fell morsel, drains the deadly bowl,
And feels th' expected dagger in his soul.
Sure 'tis the Furies feast, the pomp of Hell,
Where blood-stain'd Massacre delights to dwell, 230
Waves his fierce blade, his lurking poison brews,
Which none who share may live, and none refuse!
The slaughter o'er—when wine hath lent its fire
To rouse the fierceness of untamed Desire,
When crisp-hair'd slaves their trembling voices raise,
Attuned to hymn the mighty murderer's praise,
When flowers and unguents mingled odour shed
Through halls yet reeking from the recent dead,

He bids the matron fix her tearless eyes
Where stretch'd on earth a bleeding husband lies—
There smile, and sing—who would not rather hear
The bull of Agrigent? not rather bear
Death's sternest shape, the torture and the flame,
Than that soul-harrowing song, that spectacle of
shame?

And, when e'en these exalted pleasures cloy, 245
And cold contempt succeeds to brutish joy ;
Each high-born beauty's now neglected charms
Are given to fill some base companion's arms :
And dames of Tyrian race, through Carthage led,
Ascend reluctant a Barbarian's bed. 250
Condemn'd her Æthiop bridegroom's side to grace,
The mournful mother of a spurious race

Shrinks from her cradled babe, and wails to view¹⁴
Her shame perpetuate in its dusky hue.
Strong in such friends, with more than regal pride¹⁵
He moves, and vassal Kings to guard him ride ;
A glittering host his pompous march precedes,
Our spoils adorn them, and our plunder feeds !
Driv'n from their fathers home, their early seat,
My old colonial occupants retreat, 260
Walk the wide world—or in some far sojourn
Still weep—still love me—but no more return."

Jove pitying mark'd the lengthen'd tale of woes,
And, calming all, his awful mandate rose.
Fate in her web entwined it as she heard, 265
And graved on adamant th' enduring word.

“ Henceforth your griefs have end: the Power ye
serve

To vengeance soon Honorius' arm shall nerve :

Thou, Rome, rejoice, and rescued Afric see

A slave to none, a subject but to thee.” 270

Then Rome forgot her sorrows and her pains,
For youth's warm blood came dancing through her
veins ;

Strength to her limbs, and to her forehead bare

Return'd the darkness of her clustering hair :

High tower'd again the crest, the helmet gleam'd,

The shield's broad orb with rays of glory beam'd ;

And, dimm'd by rust's corroding stain no more,

Her quivering lance aloft exultingly she bore.

Sleep now, his car with starry dew-drops bright,¹⁶
Urged on their noiseless course the steeds of night ;
When they, no vulgar denizens of heaven,
The Sire and monarch Son, to whom 'twas given¹⁷
Peace to the troubled world, and joy to bear,
Came softly gliding through the moonlight air ;
Sent to reveal the secret will of Jove, 285
And join the brother Kings once more in love.
So, when the mountain surge ascends to whelm,
And art exhausted quits the groaning helm,
Ere yet the bark hath sunk, the pitiless sea
Drown'd the last prayer and shriek of agony,¹⁸ 290
When loudest roars the whirlwind, and the wave,—
The Spartan sons of Leda hear, and save.¹⁹
Soon as this sublunary sphere they view'd,²⁰
Diverging each his destined way pursued.

The elder sought Italia's western bowers ; 295
The Father, where his Son's imperial towers
Rise proudly, where the Bosphor strait divides
The broader Pontic and Propontic tides,
Stood by the couch where young Arcadius lay ;
And, for the moonbeam pour'd its softer day, 300
Uprose, that form to greet, the raptur'd boy,
In all the tremblings and the tears of joy ;
Those reverend knees embracing, fondly clung,
While hope's wild accents falter'd from his tongue.
“ O ! Sire beloved—O ! deem'd for ever lost— 305
Unseen since last the dreaded Alps you crost—
O ! give your son to touch that red right hand,
That hurl'd your vengeance on a guilty land :
Earth feels too long your wish'd return delay'd,
Too long in vain implores your guardian aid ; 310

Recounts the parent's cares, the warrior's deeds,
 Regrets your virtues, and your valour needs."

He paused expectant—but the Father sigh'd,
 And, sternly gazing on his Son, replied—
 " Was this my hope ? pernicious Discord draws 315
 Link'd hearts asunder, and in Gildon's cause !
 A Moor rebels—and fratricidal strife
 Subverts the world, to save his traitor life !
 While you his virtues and his wrongs explore,
 And love your brother much—but justice more ! 320
 Mark now his worth : when Rome, dismay'd and
 pale,
 Saw empire balanced in the doubtful scale,
 When civil warfare raged—what distant land
 Despised my call, or own'd not my command ?

What unknown chieftain, from the frozen North 325
Sent not for me his friendly numbers forth ?
But he alone nor man nor galley gave,
His boasted faith unstable as the wave ;
Less, had he fairly join'd my foes, abhorr'd,
In battle's front to meet me, sword to sword. 330
He, on his tower alone, from danger far,
Sat coldly gazing on the storm of war,
Mark'd well our several strength, and, wary grown,
Reserved his homage for the victor's throne ;
Most acceptable then, and fitliest paid, 335
When Fortune settled on the keenest blade.
Too soon ye call'd me to your realms of day,
Great Gods, nor granted but an hour of sway,
To wreak, like Tullus, my just wrath on him,
And tear th' unpitied traitor, limb from limb ! 340

Wont at your brother's feet a slave to bow,
He kiss'd the mandate that he tramples now :
By you sustain'd the monster trusts to rise,
Who scorn'd the Father, and the Son defies.
A venial treachery ! for he brings you power— 315
And large possessions, land, and town, and tower—
And what is Honour, when opposed to these ?
Or what, with such a bribe, can fail to please ?
Or injured brothers in their spleen alledge
'Gainst that strong title, a deserter's pledge ? 350
In the dread crisis of the desperate strife,
If foul defection bring us hope and life,
We scarce can thank the villain *then*—and soon
Detest the giver, while we prize the boon.
Yet this new friend can win your easy heart, 355
Who brings a province to the mid-day mart :

With him you barter—lost alike to shame—
His country's freedom for your once good name.
Go ! these are Grecian arts ! such politic skill
To Philip bow'd the nations at his will ; 360
Their vaunted liberty such meanness sold,
And thrice-barr'd portals open'd wide to gold.
Rome hath not taught you this—severely just,
She spurns the miscreant who betrays his trust :
She to th' Epirot King reveal'd the fraud²¹ 365
Of him, the promised murderer of his Lord ;
Gave him in adverse arms again to stand,
Nor pass'd her vengeance to a meaner hand.
She to Faliscan sires in mercy sent²²
The youthful pledges guile had from them rent ; 370
Yet these retain'd had bid resistance cease,
And, next to Glory dear, had given her Peace :

His price is endless war : and who the foe ?
'Gainst whom doth Hatred aim the deadly blow ?
O haste, let timely shame for ever veil 375
The damning record, the unholy tale,
That arts, by fair hostility refused,
A Roman brother 'gainst his brother used !
While he, the wretch, from whose detested hand
You court the meed of Afric's lovely land, 380
Malign, and changeful as the moon, presides
O'er refluent Empire's ever rolling tides ;
Deluding both, suspends o'er both the crown,
Hope in his smile, and ruin in his frown.
Hence with these vile Massylian treasons : meet 385
With honest scorn their double-tongued deceit ;
And be the foul, the lying lips disdain'd,
With all their native deserts poison stain'd !

“ O spare thy Father’s eyes the torturing sight
Of kindred arms opposed in mortal fight. 390
Let this disgrace to savage Thebes of yore
Be now relinquish’d to the bloodier Moor.
And he, whose glorious deeds your soul alarm,
Say, when did Stilicho devise your harm ?
The Chief, my steps selected to attend, 395
My readiest servant, and my firmest friend ?
Such through my life ; and when to Heaven with-
drawn
The world I left by struggling faction torn,
Keen from the sheath when falchions all but sprang,
And Alpine hills with mutual insult rang, 400
With shame’s deep curse, and triumph’s scornful joy,
Dread ev’n to me—destructive to my boy—

(My boy ! for both I trembled ! that one hour,
In full licentiousness of daring power, 405
Let myriads loose, with fiery freedom flush'd,
Whose strife had harm'd you, but whose union
crush'd—)

Then, like a father, he dispell'd my fears,
And nursed his tender and unpractised years,
Till ripe for Empire : 'tis to him you owe
Rufinus' fall, your master and your foe. 410
He, when my service claim'd his duteous hand,
With active zeal prevented the command.
He, changeless now and studious of my will,
Still owns me present, and adores me still.
This you may scorn, but sure you will not part 415
The ties that bind him to your brother's heart ;
Nor quench in blood the nuptial torch that led
Serena's offspring to her kindred bed.

O ! worthier far and prouder were the sight,
To view the nations cower beneath your might— 420
The might of brethren battling side by side,
In strength united, and in soul allied.
Or but permit his fall—we ask no more—
Then, let the Syrtes arm his rebel shore,
Let adverse Atlas be his mountain shield, 425
And deadliest serpents teem in every field ;
Far let the baffled wretch for shelter fly
O'er the parch'd desert, when the sun rides high—
Untired, uncheck'd shall Stilicho pursue,
His speed shall reach him, and his arm subdue." 430

So spake the heavenly visitant ; his son
Attentive heard, and duteous thus begun.

“Thy will, dread Sire, is mine; and none to me
 Shall dearer than thy chosen Kinsman be;
 The price of every crime shall Gildon pay, 435
 And Afric hail secure my brother’s sway.”
 But leave we these to mutual converse free,
 And trace the Grandsire’s course to Italy,
 Where, on chaste couch, with regal purple died,
 Honorius slumber’d by his Maria’s side. 440
 The chamber entering, by the sleeper’s head
 He stood majestic, and in vision said—
 “Child of my love! and doth the Moor again
 Seek, madly confident, the battle-plain?
 Doth Juba’s oft defeated race combine 445
 In treasonous war against their victor’s line?
 Doth Firmus lie forgotten? was our toil,
 Our blood but wasted to enrich their spoil?

Doth Gildon, Afric's Lord, with Latium cope,
Behold his brother's fate, and dare to hope? 450
O! were it now my hour! could I but now
Rear in war's ranks this old, remember'd brow,
The conscious Moor would fly before my shade!
Then doubt no more—arise—the wretch invade:
Back to the chains I framed my captive give, 455
Exert your race's high prerogative—
Nor respite let the pale Usurper know
While blood of mine in any veins shall flow.
Haste to the field, and from your laurell'd car,
Suspend the trophies of a Moorish war. 460
The slaves are destined to your sword; are born,
Foes to your house, its triumphs to adorn.
And well hath Heaven reserved so long from harm
My victim's brother for my grandson's arm."

He spake, and, breathed on by the morning sun,
 Fled from its beams :—his rival course to run,—
 To mount the bark, to tread the distant shore,
 And wreak swift vengeance on the rebel Moor,
 The youth rose ardent ; yet, ere all was plann'd,
 His Maria's Sire he call'd, and grasp'd his hand,
 His friendly counsel studious to demand.

Oft now, my Father, doth prophetic night
 Expand the future to my dreaming sight.
 For late I seem'd with many a searching hound
 To gird the Libyan hills and forests round ; 475
 The land, with blood defiled, with corpses strew'd,
 The fierce incursions of a lion rued :
 Each cottage reek'd with gore—on every plain
 The flock lay mangled, and the shepherd slain.

I pierced the monster's haunts, and, strange the tale,

His shaggy pride on earth beheld him vail :

The mane undreaded from his shoulders flow'd,

The once strong sinews bent beneath their load ;

And, feebly moaning, like a wretch enthrall'd

He lay, by clanking chains of iron gall'd. 485

Now too his glorious deeds my Grandsire tells,

With rival ardour fires, and to the field compels.

Why sleep we now, nor bid our gallies ride

In arm'd defiance o'er the threatening tide ?

Why haste not hither, when I lead the way, 490

The barbarous thousands who my rule obey ?

Throng'd in my fleets be mighty Germany,

And leagued Sigambria follow o'er the sea !

So shall pale Afric feel th' invading Rhine—

Nor view me tamely in my youth resign 495

The realms my boyhood sway'd ; yon Alpine chain
 My Sire, the cause of friendship to maintain,
 Twice crost in vengeful ire ! and still shall I
 Endure a mockery and a prey to lie ?”

He ceased ; and Stilicho thus made reply. 500

“ Deign not, my Prince, to let thy trumpet blow
 An Emperor's challenge to so mean a foe ;
 Nor give the dastard in thy sight to bleed,
 And grace his fate with honour's soothing meed.

Just Powers ! shall Gildon in the blended fight 505

Aspire to struggle with Honorian might ?

No ! first to Hell's abyss the stars be hurl'd,
 And ancient Chaos reassume the world.

Command the vengeance thou : thy name of fear

Alone shall war, nor ask the needless spear. 510

For Fame by distance aided more alarms,
And adds her terrors to thine absent arms.
But he that foremost rashly loves to stand,
When closing hosts encounter hand to hand,
Finds rank forgotten in the mingling strife, 515
That threatens the leader's as the soldier's life.
Then calmly listen while the means I show
That best may profit us, and quell the foe.
Sprung from his race, but guiltless of his crimes,²³
The wrong'd Mascezel, to these safer climes 520
Forced from a barbarous brother's hate to flee,
Entrusts his fortunes and his life to thee.
The wretch, who baffled saw his treacherous arts,
Assail'd the father through his children's hearts :
The smiling babes, who in his breast had lain, 525
He slew, and cast their corpses on the plain,

A public scorn ; defying Nature's ban,
Abjured at once the brother and the man,
Gave them untomb'd to lie, and grudged the dead
E'en the thin covering of their earthy bed. 530
In old Mycenæ such a murder done
Dim through his noontide heaven repell'd the Sun ;—
Yet injured Atreus some excuse might plead,
Some strong temptation for the penal deed :
Here not revenge, but hatred was the cause : 535
Of thee, great Prince, the violated laws,
Thee spurn'd affection, thee the childless sire,
And yon pale ghosts unsepulchred require,
If well her sacred shrine did Athens rear²⁴
To shield th' opprest, and dry the mourner's tear—
If her bold youth, when Argive dames implored,²⁵
Won funeral pyres for each unburied Lord—

If moans and squalid locks could erst prevail,
And roused our Senate at Adherbal's tale—
That Gildon too with anguish now may burn 545
To view the exile in the chief return,
Change for wild fear his persecuting hate,
And, dragg'd a victim to his worthy fate,
Shrink from the death he dealt, or shuddering feel
Its worst infliction from a brother's steel." 550

The counsel pleased ; and soon his army's pride,
Long known to Mars, of strength and valour tried,
He chose, and bade the favour'd bands resort,
Where rides his squadron in its Tuscan port.
Alcides there and Heaven's immortal King 555
Their Jovian cohorts and Herculean bring ;⁹⁶

Self-urged, the banners haste on glory's road,
And ease their bearer of his wonted load.
The Nervian next, and, meriting the name,
The Prosperous ; they, who from Augustus claim
His own thrice honour'd title ; they, who well
Have earn'd their adjunct high, th' Invincible ;
And last, the Lion hearts, who proudly wield
Their regal emblem on the pictured shield.
Their Prince conspicuous on the rampart stands, 565
And fires to vengeance his departing bands.
Stern throng'd around, each leaning on his spear,
They lend the Monarch an attentive ear.
“ Ye destined ministers of Gildon's doom,
The promised and the threaten'd hour is come, 570
When, taught by deeds of blood, the world shall see
How fierce your indignation burns for me.

Go ! by one mighty triumph, justly gain'd,
Redeem the glory that rebellion stain'd.
Go ! tell the East, and be it known to all, 575
The weakness of his cause subdued the Gaul,
Not of his arm ! then let the traitor pour
His barbarous myriads on —not long the Moor
Shall stand your battle-shout, your bucklers' peal,
And the close thrusting of your deadly steel. 580
Nor shield nor helm your foeman brings to war,
But feebly throws his idle darts from far.
His right a javelin bears, a cloak his left—
'The javelin cast—of weapons then bereft,
'The naked horseman trusts to coward speed, 585
And plies the rod that guides his reinless steed.
Nor hope, nor discipline renew the fight,
His arms a burthen, and his safety flight.

The fickle heart a thousand bridals share,
 The sire's distracting and the husband's care, 590
 Till pall'd Affection mid the number dies :
 Lo! such the people that your power defies!
 And what their chief? let him, with roses crown'd,
 While vapid unguents taint the air around,
 Reel from foul sleep a drunken war to wage, 595
 Worn down by rioting, disease, and age ;
 And, while our trumpet rends his aching head,
 Sigh for the harlot's harp, and dance, and bed !
 And shall he triumph? better far to die
 Than living bear such load of infamy ! 600
 For what remains, if now, Illyria gone,⁸⁷
 A Moorish Despot sit on Afric's throne ?
 Shall still Dominion's lessening circle wane
 From Nile and Meroë to the 'Tuscan main ?

Trinaeria bound the power, that ruled before 605
The Red Sea wave, and India's farthest shore ?
Go forth, avengers ! from the spoiler's hand
Wrest the lost South, the long regretted land ;
Go forth ! to tottering Rome your succour lend ;
Rome unsubduable, if you defend. 610
Fair Libya's gorgeous towns, and fruitful plains,
Her countless tribes that groan in servile chains—
These are your debt to me—to these accord
The proud acquittance of your warrior sword :
Let Empire, present where your oars impel, 615
Where your light sail propitious breezes swell,
Attend the barks, that waft its trampled laws
Once more to bid, in our and Virtue's cause,
The whirling axe with wonted sway descend,
The third, worst Tyrant, and the last, to end !" 620

His words an omen answer'd : from above
Swift stoop'd the thunder-bearing bird of Jove,
And, all beholding, through the cloudless blue
A snake reluctant in its talons drew :
There rent with crooked beak the struggling prey,
And bore the sever'd head its prize away.
Fired by the plain and prosperous augury,
Through mountain-streams and woods uncheck'd
they fly :

Not such the clang, when cranes their host dispose²⁸
To fall tremendous on their pigmy foes, 630
As, warn'd by summer's daily fading smile,
They leave their Strymon for the warmer Nile ;
When, marshall'd into letters, sails the tribe,
And order'd wings the cloven air inscribe.

Now, reach'd the wave-worn strand, with fiercer heat
They rush tumultuous through the boarded fleet,
Themselves the tackling haul, the clues make fast,
And bind the sail-yards to the dizzy mast.

With ceaseless din Etruria's shores resound,
Nor space in Pisa for the docks is found. 640

When sail'd th' avengers of Atrides' wrongs,
So murmur'd Aulis with unnumber'd tongues.

► In vain the blast with dubious whistling blew,
And louder yet the sounds of boding grew :
Nor fear their bosoms felt, nor bore delay ; 645

“ Weigh, comrades !” still they cried, “ your anchors
weigh ;

Mid threatening waves to glorious war we go,
And hail the storm, that hurls us on our foe.

But plunge them home into the shore we seek,²⁹
 And shivering perish every brazen beak. 650
 Let cowards watch, if sea-birds haste to land—
 If crows stalk screaming on the lessening sand—
 What though defaced by dusky spots the Sun
 Set, and the Moon, clothed in her mantle dun,
 Mourn o'er the brooding blast,—though drear and dull
 The cloud-veil'd Hyads usher in the Bull ;
 Though steep'd in showers the Kids—and, dimly
 bright,
 Each star shake fitful its long locks of light,
 Though to the wave descend Orion in his might—
 In vain on us their beams malign they pour, 660
 We trust the Heavens—but trust Honorius more :
 His signals following o'er the boundless main,
 We scorn Boötes, and the tardy Wain.

Then forth your bark, adventurous seaman, steer,
And face the tempest in its mid career: 665
The fortune of Augustus shall supply
That prosperous course that waves and winds deny.”

Now, as they stretch to sea, Liguria's coast
Fades from their view—the Tuscan hills are lost—
And wide aloof in wary track they run, 670
The sunken rocks of Corsica to shun.
In shape of human foot an isle is framed,
By ancient colonists Sardoia named.
Rich teems the soil, and meet the site is found ⁵⁰
By those for Italy or Carthage bound. 675
A beach smooth shelving fronts the southern tide,
Where storms are lull'd, and fleets securely ride;

Abrupt with craggy rocks, the Northern shore
Rebellows to the treacherous tempest's roar,
While seamen curse, in terror's accents wild, 680
Those hateful peaks—the Hills of Madness styled,
And dull south-winds for ever reigning fan
The seeds of pestilence in beast and man.
These dangers first their labouring barks escape,
Then, close with land, and doubling every cape, 685
Part ancient Sulci, built by Carthage, near ;
Part Olbia shelters with its circling pier :
And soon refitted meet their scatter'd bands,
Where, Libya fronting, a fair City stands.
Tyre's warrior offspring rear'd it by the wave 690
Long since, and Caralis the name they gave.

There, jutting far to sea, a headland steep
Repels the inroads of the stormy deep.

Safe as an inmost port the roadstead lies ;
Nor billows swell, nor winds tumultuous rise : 695
There, firmly moor'd, they wait, from danger free,
More favouring breezes, and a smoother sea.

NOTES

ON

THE GILDONIC WAR.

NOTE 1, line 8.

A third usurper.] Gildon, who met with the same fate under Honorius, as Maximus and Eugenius, who, while Theodosius was alive, had seized upon the western empire. Gildon, however, was in possession of Africa only, and had not assumed the imperial purple.

NOTE 2, line 22.

Denounced in winter.] “When Stilicho had given a firm and decisive answer to the pretensions of the Byzantine court, he solemnly accused the tyrant of Africa, before the tribunal which had formerly judged the kings and nations of the earth, and the image of the republic was revived, after a long interval, under the reign of

Honorius. The emperor transmitted an accurate and ample detail of the complaints of the provincials, and the crimes of Gildon, to the Roman senate; and the members of that venerable assembly were required to pronounce the condemnation of the rebel. Their unanimous suffrage declared him the enemy of the republic, and the decree of the senate added a sacred and legitimate sanction to the Roman arms."—*Gibbon*.

Claudian does not neglect this topic of praise in his poem on the First Consulship of Stilicho. Symmachus, in an epistle to the minister, expresses his fears, lest this spirited edict should create a famine in Rome, and an insurrection of the people.

NOTE 3, line 37.

The regal augur.] Romulus, who, as Florus says, "Victor augurio, urbem excitavit, plenus spei bellatricem fore; ita illi assuetæ sanguine et prædâ aves pollicebantur;" and who, at the time of his apotheosis, foretold to Julius Proculus, the dominion which Rome should exercise over the nations. Ennius calls it Augustum Augurium. There may also be an allusion to the auspices taken by Tarquinius Superbus, when Mars, Terminus, and Juventas refused to quit the Capitol.

NOTE 4, line 64.

*And view'd my dazzling course of glory run,
To east and west—companion of the sun.*

Similar to this is Cicero's Eulogium of Pompey, in his fourth oration against Catiline.—“Anteponatur omnibus Pompeius, cujus res gestæ atque virtutes iisdem quibus solis cursus regionibus ac terminis continentur.” *τρεχῆ καὶ δοξαζήται*—is the expression used by St. Paul, when speaking of the triumphant progress of a far more glorious empire.

NOTE 5, line 118.

Syphax, the poison bowl, &c.] Claudian is the only writer who disposes of Syphax in this manner. Some suppose that his name has crept into the text instead of that of Hannibal. Jugurtha was betrayed by Bocchus, King of the Gætuli, into the hands of Sylla, then Quæstor to Marius, who sent him bound to the consul.

NOTE 6, line 135.

Weighs down to earth the stately pile it reared.] Livy speaks of the Roman state, in his time, in nearly similar language. “Res quæ ab exiguis profecta initiis, eò creverit, ut jam magnitudine laboret suâ.”

NOTE 7, line 153.

In Almo's stream.] The Almo was a small stream, that ran into the Tiber.

“ Est locus in Tiberim quà lubricus influit Almo,
Et nomen magno perdit ab amne minor.
Illic purpureâ canus cum veste sacerdos
Almonis dominantem sacraque lavit aquis.”

Ovid. Fast. 4.

It was not far from the gate of Rome, called Capena, now S. Sebastiano, which leads to the Appian way.—
Martial, iii. 47—

“ Capena grandi porta quà pluit guttâ,
Phrygiumque Matris Almo quà lavit sacrum”—or
ferrun.

And *Statius, Sylv. 5. i. 222—*

“ Est locus ante urbem, quà primum nascitur ingens
Appia, quâque Italo gemitus Almone Cybelle
Ponit, et Idæos jam non reminiscitur amnes.”

Claudian seems to assert, that the ceremony continued in his time; it did so, certainly, in the reign of Galerius, as we may learn from Prudentius; Hymn 14.

“ Nudare plantas ante Carpentum scio
Procere togatos, Matris Idææ sacris.
Lapis nigellus evhendus essedo,
Muliebris oris, clausus argento sedet.
Quem dùm ad lavacrum præcundo ducitis,
Pedes remotis atterentes calceis,
Almonis usque pervenitis rivulum.”

NOTE 8, line 158.

Some other death bestow.] She has the same opinion of death by famine as Eurylochus, in Homer's *Odyssey*.

ΠΑΝΤΕΣ ΜΕΝ ΣΤΥΓΕΡΟΙ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΙ ΞΕΙΛΟΙΣΙ ΒΡΟΤΟΙΣΙ,
ΛΙΜΩ Δ' ΟΙΚΤΙΣΤΟΝ ΘΑΝΕΙΝ, ΚΑΙ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ ΕΠΙΣΠΕΙΝ.

The prophet Jeremiah has, in his *Lamentations*, a similar thought.

“ They that be slain with the sword, are better than they that be slain with hunger; for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field.”
Ch. 4. v. 9.

NOTE 9, line 171.

And they who dwell but by her sufferance there.] This last list would be pretty considerable, according to the statement of the Heathen Cecilius, in Minutius Felix, who makes it consist of all they had ever heard of, and all they had not: “ Astarten Syros, Dianam Taurios, Gallos Mercurium, Universa Romanos;” and afterwards, “ Dum undique hospites Deos quærunt et suos faciunt, aras exstruunt etiam ignotis numinibus.”—*Octavius*, ch. 5.

NOTE 10, line 209, 10.

*The living spoils, inherits from the dead,
Assails the virgin's, and the matron's bed.*

The description here of Gildon agrees very well with that of the tyrant given by Lucian, in all points but his youth.—“εκεινος—ὁ ενυβριζων τοις γαμοις—εκεινω αι παρθενοι ανηγοντο· και ει τινες σφαγαι, και ει τινες φυγαι, και χρηματων αφαιρεσεις, και βασανοι, και υβρεις, παντα ταυτα ποληματα ην νεανικα.”—*Tyrannicida*.

The wealth he had amassed by these means, was so abundant, that when after his death it was confiscated, the appointment of a new officer was considered necessary, called “Comes Gildoniaci Patrimonii.”—*Baronius*, Ann. A.D. 398.

NOTE 11, line 217.

Bid to the tyrant's feast, &c.] Though a great artificer in this way, it is doubtful whether he ever equalled the exploit of Nonius Asprenas, mentioned by Suetonius and Pliny, who was accused of killing 130 guests at one repast.

NOTE 12, line 220.

The green foamings of the venom'd snake.] So Statius, in his account of the serpent which killed Archemorus with its tail.

“ —— Tumidi stat in ore veneni
Spuma virens.”—*Theb.* 5.

NOTE 13, line 222.

And should he shun the pledge, or dare to groan.] He was not allowed to say, as Martial does to Papilus, who was suspected of mixing some such ingredients with his wine—

“ Nec puto, nec credo, Papile, nec sitio.”

Caligula's banquet, which he gave to Pastor, to celebrate his son's execution, was much of the same nature as these of Gildon. A guard was placed behind to take cognizance of any expressions of grief or disgust, that might betray themselves when the emperor pledged him, or sent him garlands and perfumes. None such were manifest: the father seemed to have forgotten his son—but he had another! “*Perierat alter filius,*” says Seneca, “*si carnifici conviva non placuisset.*”—*De Irá,* ii. 33.

NOTE 14, line 253.

Shrinks from her cradled babe.] Superstition may, at times, have lent its assistance to the feelings of wounded pride and delicacy, in overcoming those of maternal fondness. The sight, at least, of an Æthiopian, early in the morning, was considered by the Romans as in the highest degree unlucky. Juvenal alludes to this piece of folly in his sixth Satire.

“————— Esses

Æthiopsis fortasse pater—mox decolor hæres

Impleret tabulas, nunquam tibi mane videndus.”

Mr. Gifford, in his translation of the passage, cites a remark from Dempster’s Notes on Claudian; to which I have not been able to refer, but suppose that it relates to this line in the *Bellum Gildonicum*.

NOTE 15, line 255.

Strong in such friends, with more than regal pride

He moves, and vassal kings to guard him ride.

Augustus had set him this example of having his kingly clients in attendance upon his person. “Reges amici atque socii, non Romæ modò, sed provincias peragranti quotidiana officia, ac sine regio insigni, more clientium præstiterunt.”—*Suetonius*. His party survived him for some time: there is a rescript in the Theodosian Code,

addressed to Donatus, Governor of Africa, A.D. 408, to the following effect: "Satellites Gildonis custodiis mancipentur et proscriptione damnentur. Dat iii Idus Novemb. Basso et Philippo Cos." Baronius Ann. A.D. 398. The "Satellites" of Stilicho had suffered under nearly a similar law in the same year.—*Tillemont*.

NOTE 16, line 279.

Sleep now, &c.] Statius had made sleep the charioteer of night, in his 2d Theb. 59.

"————— Sopor obvius illi
Noctis agebat equos."

NOTE 17, line 282.

The sire and monarch son.] Theodosius, the count, who was grandfather, and Theodosius the emperor, who was father, of Arcadius and Honorius.

NOTE 18, line 290.

Drown'd the last prayer and shriek of agony.

"Clamorem, bello qualis supremus apertis
Urbibus, aut pelago jam descendente carinâ."

Statius.

NOTE 19, line 292.

The Spartan sons of Leda.] Metrodorus had an odd opinion about these stars. He took them “ τῶν ὀρωντῶν ὀφθαλμῶν μετα ζεως και καταπληξεως ειναι σπιλβηδονας.” —*Plut. Plac. Philosoph.*

The appearance of Helena was usually considered as fatal as that of her brothers was acceptable to mariners.

NOTE 20, line 293.

Soon as this sublunary sphere they view'd.] That sphere of the Heavens allotted to the moon was, according to the ancients, the extreme boundary of eternal existence; the *Ισθμος αθανασιας και γενεσεως*, as one of their philosophers expresses it. Below that, all was perishable, but the soul of man, so Cicero tells us in his *Dream of Scipio*. —“*Infra autem—jam nihil est nisi mortale et caducum, præter animos generi hominum munere deorum datos: supra lunam sunt æterna omnia.*” We have adapted our word “*sublunary*” to this notion. The king, for instance, is said by Blackstone, to be, in his political capacity, the most perfect of *sublunary* beings.

NOTE 21, line 365.

She to th' Epirot king reveal'd the fraud, &c.] I transcribe the letter sent by the consuls to Pyrrhus, on this occasion. "Consules Romani salutem dicunt Pyrrho Regi. Nos pro tuis injuriis continuo animo strenui, commoti inimiciter, tecum bellare studemus: sed communis exempli et fidei visum est, uti te salvum velimus, ut esset quem vincere possimus. Ad nos venit Nicias familiaris tuus, qui sibi precium a nobis peteret, si te clam interfecisset: id nos negavimus velle, neve ob eam rem quicquam commodi exspectaret: et simul visum est, ut te certiolem faceremus, ne quid ejusmodi, si accidisset, nostro consilio civitates putarent factum: Et quod nobis non placet precio aut præmio aut dolis pugnare. Tu nisi caves, jacebis."—*Claudius Quadrigarius, in A. Gell. Noct. Att. 3. 8.*

NOTE 22, line 369.

She to Faliscan sires, &c.] The treacherous school-master's hands were tied behind him, and he was whipt back to Falerii by the boys. Cluverius compliments Claudian upon his delicacy in omitting this incident, at the expense of Livy and Valerius Maximus, who have related it. He says it is "contra bonos mores et honestatem."

Camillus might certainly have found more lenient executioners, but that was hardly his object; nor could it be that of Theodosius, to enter into all the details of every story to which he alluded in the course of his speech.

NOTE 23, line 519.

Sprung from his race, but guiltless of his crimes.] It is due to the female part of the families both of Gildon and Rufinus, to say, that its conduct was most exemplary. The sisters of each of these worthies were virgins dedicated to Christ, and celebrated by the ecclesiastical writers of those times.

NOTE 24, line 539.

If well her sacred shrine did Athens rear.] The altar of Mercy at Athens was built by Theseus, or, as Statius records the tradition, by the Heraclidæ, as a memorial of the protection afforded them by that monarch, or his son Demophon.

“Fama est, defessos acie, post busta paterni

Numinis Herculei, sedem fundasse nepotes.”

His whole description of it is well worth reading.—*Theb.* xii. 480.

NOTE 25, line 541.

When Argive dames implored.] These were the widows of the seven chiefs, who fell in the unsuccessful attempt to replace Polynices upon the throne of Thebes. Their story is well known from Euripides and Statius. Some particulars also regarding it, may be found in Chaucer's Knight's Tale. They sat, according to him, a whole fortnight in the Temple of the Goddess Clemence, waiting for the return of Theseus, from his campaign against the Amazons.

NOTE 26, line 556.

Their Jovian cohorts and Herculean.] The Herculean and Jovian cohorts were the favourite troops of Maximian and Diocletian, who took respectively the names of those deities. In addition to their ordinary arms, they used a missile weapon, called by Vegetius, *Martiobarbulus*, which they slung at the enemy with great force and effect. These troops were originally Illyrians; the others, mentioned afterwards, were principally from Gaul, and had probably served in the armies of Maximus or Eugenius.

NOTE 27, line 601.

For what remains—if now, Illyria gone.] The prefecture of Illyricum had been made over by Gratian to Theodosius, when he raised him to the eastern empire. It was at this time in the hands of Alaric, who held it nominally under Arcadius. Stilicho afterwards entered into a negotiation with the Gothic chief, to regain it for Honorius, which was broken off by the revolt of Constantine in Britain.—*Zosimus*, v. 27.

NOTE 28, line 629.

Not such the clang, when cranes, &c.] Statius also sends his cranes to Egypt—

“*Ceu patrio super alta grues Aquilone fugatæ
Cum videre Pharon, tunc æthera latius implent,
Tunc hilari clangore sonant ; juvat orbe sereno
Contempsisse nives, et frigora solvere Nilo.*”

The original simile is in Homer, who likens the Trojans to them :

ἮΥΤΕ ΠΕΡ ΚΛΑΓΓΗ ΓΕΡΑΝῶΝ ΠΕΛΕΙ.—B. 3.

Pliny (as quoted in a note by Gibbon) says, that they bred in the neighbourhood of the Pignics, who used to make expeditions to break their eggs.

NOTE 29, line 649.

But plunge them home into the shore we seek.

Ἐνθ' οἶγ εἰσελασαν, πρὶν εἰδοτες' ἡ μὲν εἰπειτα
 Ἡπειρω ἐπεκέλευεν, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ ἡμῖσιν πασης,
 Σπερχομενη' τοιῶν γὰρ ἐπειγετο χερσ' ἐρεταῶν.

Hom. Odys. N. 113.

NOTE 30, line 674.

Rich teems the soil, &c.] The fertility of Sardinia is celebrated by Horace, i. 31.

“ ————— Opimas
 Sardiniaë segetes feracis.”

It took its name from Sardus, a son of Hercules. Claudian, in his description of it, seems generally to have followed that of Silius Italicus, B. xii. 355. The unwholesome quality of its air is noticed by Martial, iv. 60. and, I believe, by Pausanias.

—————

The Poem here terminates abruptly: whether more was written can hardly now be ascertained. We know, however, that Mascezel made good his landing in Africa, and boldly advanced at the head of his five thousand veterans, against more than ten times as many Moors,

who followed the standard of his brother. They gave way before him almost without an attempt at resistance : an endeavour of Gildon to escape by sea was baffled by contrary winds, which forced him into the port of Tabraca. The inhabitants immediately imprisoned him, but he did not dare to face the indignation of Masezel, and put an end to his existence before the conqueror arrived. These facts, which are given with the most detail in Orosius, are also noticed by Claudian, in his Poem on Stilicho's First Consulship. Zosimus supplies an omission of the poet's, by acquainting us with the fate of Masezel, who, as he asserts, when accompanying Stilicho on a certain excursion, was thrown over a bridge by his order, expressed by a signal to his attendants, and drowned. I am happy to see, for the credit of Claudian's hero, that Mr. Gibbon does not altogether believe this.

CONSULATE
OF
MALLIUS THEODORUS.

CONSULATE
OF
MALLIUS THEODORUS.

TO VERSE 269.

CARELESS of Fortune's smiles, her own reward,¹
Though dignities allure, and crowds applaud,
Nor aid nor praise shall conscious Worth require,
Her wealth to pamper, or her soul to fire.
She sits immoveable; and views from high 5
Life's chequer'd prospect with unalter'd eye:
Yet Honour courts her most, who most denies,²
And tempts her coyness with his noblest prize:
Bids at the cottage-door the Lictor bow,
And call his hardy Consul from the plough. 10

And you, who, long, the busy world resign'd,
To nature's lore had given the studious mind,
Grown old in duty, active now no more,
You deem'd mistakenly your labours o'er ;
For Rome again invites you to command, 15
And yields the guidance to your practised hand.
Nought now remains of virtue, or of fame,
To raise your merit, or adorn your name.
Such from the first, in boyhood's forming hour,
Your blameless conduct smooth'd the road to power ;
Such, early tried on life's eventful stage,
You claim'd the reverence of retiring age.
The *mind* they search'd, nor ask'd if grey the hair,
Who found the silvery trace of wisdom *there*.
The voice they heard, that sweet, and smooth, and
strong, 25
Bore rapt attention on its tide along,

As full, triumphant, through the courts it swell'd,
Preserved the guiltless, and the right upheld.
There still you rule us, but with other sway;
And whom our Fathers praised, their sons obey. 30
Now all your own, then Libya only saw
One humble Province subject to your law;
Short too your stay; yet long shall live the name
A grateful people consecrates to fame.
Next Pella claim'd your care, enrich'd of old 35
With Persia's spoil, and Hydaspean gold,
Nor envied aught, beneath your gentle power,
The days gone by their glory's brightest hour;
More heart-felt joy the bosom could not swell,
When Philip triumph'd, or when Porus fell. 40
But soon the Palace found its boon too dear,
And call'd you home to fill a nobler sphere.³

Then Justice ruled by salutary laws,
Nor turn'd repulsive from the poor man's cause :
The King's commands were oracles indeed, 45
For eloquence enforced what power decreed :
And the high Majesty of Rome was glad
To hear her thoughts sublime in answering language
 clad.

Then Earth to you consign'd her treasured stores,⁶
In tribute wafted from unnumber'd shores: 50
The gold in river sands that wont to shine,
Or stud the bosom of the gloomy mine,
Where far its deep veins following from the day,
The sickly Bessian works his hidden way.⁷
And, as th' experienced seaman, doom'd no more 55
To toil laborious at the bending oar,
First cheers his former comrades as they row,
Then stands the safeguard of the lofty prow,

Marks the low rock, where breaks the whitening surge,
Or storm-cloud gathering on th' horizon's verge; 60
Last, crown of all, assumes the guiding helm,
And floats triumphant o'er his watery realm;
So you at length, your brilliant trial closed,
In full Dominion's ample arms reposed,
Lord of the German coasts, and "swarthy Spain," 65
And Britain, sever'd from our world in vain;
And sluggish Arar, and tumultuous Rhone,
And golden Ebro bow'd before your throne.
Rhine, half barbarian still, with many a sigh,
Implored a dearer boon than liberty, 70
'That, either bank secured, his current calm
Might flow protected by the Roman arm.
One chief o'er all the land extends his sway,
'That blushes in the sun-set—ere the day

Fade into twilight.—O! with dazzling speed 75
Do power to power and rank to rank succeed,
When Youth on Virtue's pinions mounts sublime,
And Fate outstrips the lagging march of Time.

Now Glory's summit gain'd, your spirit asks
For calm Retirement's more congenial tasks; 80
And still, when Justice claims your aid no more,
Her high tribunal's graver duties o'er,
Fair Learning woos you to her secret bower,
Nor yields to slumber e'en your idlest hour:
Each claim your thoughts by turns, and duly share, 85
The Muse your leisure and the world your care.^s
Intently bending o'er the mystic page,^p
Where lurks the wisdom of Athenian age,
Wide branching thence the myriad sects you view,
Old dogmas following, or inventing new: 90

That seek the germ, whence sprang this mundane
frame,

In air, in water, in the genial flame.¹⁰

Or him, self-plunged in Etna's fire to die,¹¹

Who spreads the Godhead through infinity,

Yet still recall'd, in every atom finds 95

That Discord loosens, or that Union binds.

Or him, the Sceptic, who, distrusting sense,

Hopes not for truth from its frail evidence.

Him, who for earth's support hath wildly given

The eddyng circles of revolving heaven:¹² 100

Him, who to light th' etherial realms on high,

Hath hurl'd a rock far blazing through the sky.

Th' enthusiast spirit, that disdainful grown¹³

Of one poor world, through boundless space hath

flown,

Free, disembodied, spurn'd its pigmy clay, 105
And held mid other orbs its visionary way.
All, who from Nature's secret book disclose
How first this earth from clashing atoms rose;
And all, who, spurning Chance, restore the Gods
Their wrested sceptre, and their lost abodes. 110
Round him, the paths of Grecian lore who treads,
Your Roman eloquence its splendour sheds:
And grateful converse leads the mind of youth
Through every link of Reason's chain to truth.
Whate'er from Socrates, from Plato sprang, 115
Or through thy learned porch, Cleanthes, rang;
Whate'er Chrysippus taught the Stoic tribe;
The Samian's silence, or th' Abderite's gibe:¹⁴
Rich in one breast the lore of ages lay,
There gain'd new strength, and issued thence to day.

Instruction, summon'd nobler views to aid,
For Latium quits her Academic shade;
The doubtful boundaries of good decides,
Each reasoning regulates, each action guides:
The Virtues arms, and marshals, at her call, 125
When Vice assails, to man the guarded wall;
Injustice, Avarice, Envy, Hate to quell,
Our Love to bridle, and our Fear dispel.
Or holds high converse of the Primal Cause,
And ever-fleeting matter's changeless laws: 130
The wondrous Power, that like a soul inspires,
And wakes the music of the starry choirs:
That bids their seven reverted orbits roll¹³
In endless conflict with the circling pole,
Or two contending Minds allots to share 135
The halved dominion of the eddying air.

Whether, in all we view, reflected light
 Mock with unreal show the baffled sight;
 What time, obedient to the moon's command,
 Flow the swol'n tides, encroaching on the land; 140
 What whirlwinds, in the cloud's dark bosom pent,
 Burst forth, and give their stormy thunder vent,
 Pour down the rain, or frame, as cold they blow,
 The sleet, the hailstone, and the feathery snow:
 What flame, fermented in the lurid air, 145
 Darts in the lightning's flash, the meteor's glare,
 Or burns malignant in the comet's hair.

Your bark at anchor, and your labour o'er,
 You sought the comforts of the safer shore;
 And fruitful Genius gave to every age¹⁶ 150
 Its deathless record stamp'd on Learning's page:

When she, the Virgin Goddess, that on high
Throned in th' autumnal portals of the sky
Sits, on her balance trembling beam to weigh
The near proportions of the night and day, 155
Your sudden flight indignant Justice saw,
And mourn'd the lost assertor of her law.
A cloudy veil her modest brow conceal'd;
Peace, as she came, in forest and in field,
Mid all their fierce inhabitants, confest 160
Th' unwonted presence of the heavenly guest;
And Earth rejoicing hail'd her as of old,
Ere dim the splendours of Saturnian gold.
She sought mid many a proud Ligurian dome,
Her righteous servant's unassuming home; 165
And, traced before him on the sandy ground,
The devious course of every planet found,¹⁷

Such schemes as Egypt taught her sons of yore,¹⁸

Majestic nurse of high and holy lore.

The force impulsive that the heaven obeys, 170

The stars' perplex'd, but never varying, maze;

The point, where Phœbus, in his blaze of noon,

Dim and contracted, shrinks behind the moon,

Or Dian feels, denied her brother's aid,

Her pale lamp die, her borrow'd beauty fade. 175

He mark'd from far, no stranger to his sight,¹⁹

That form in all its virgin glory bright,

Sprang at her feet to bow in eager haste,

While every step some labour'd line effaced.

To whom the Goddess—"Mallius, long you stood 180

"Proud combination of whate'er is good,

"And dignified, and upright: stood sublime,

"And undegenerate from that golden time,

- “ When beam'd in Virtue's holiest fires refined,
“ And noble as the metal was the mind. 185
“ Still art thou such; yet, sunk in letter'd ease—
“ Can such light toys my fickle servant please?
“ Still art thou such: I claim thee for my own,
“ Assert the duties of my vacant throne;
“ Nor plead the brilliant course that once you ran;
“ No bounds confine beneficence to man:
“ Her onward course progressive Wisdom holds,
“ And Time his portal to her march unfolds.
“ The short-lived honour once a thousand share;
“ But only Merit reassumes the chair: 195
“ Fresh in the new the former glories shine,
“ The first were Fortune's gift—the next are mine.
“ Yet these you sacrifice—content to dwell
“ In vain Philosophy's secluded cell!

- “ Which most conduced th’ Athenian state to raise
“ A wondering world’s eternal theme of praise,
“ Your Plato’s vaunted precepts? or the mind²⁰
“ That, nobly to the voice of Heaven resign’d,
“ Safe from the baffled Mede, the blazing shore,
“ That state triumphant in its navy bore? 205
“ To Sparta’s dames her rigid laws impart
“ Strength in the frame, and manhood in the heart :
“ In nobler trust her useless wall remove,
“ And no protection need but patriot love.²¹
“ And what, Pythagoras, was thy success? 210
“ Though round for years the silent audience press,²²
“ From Sparta’s realm without her laws they came,
“ And luxury sullies the Tarentan name.
“ To honour’s task your Sovereign calls—arise !
“ For ne’er could merit earn a nobler prize ; 215

- “ Nor e'er could wisdom find a worthier mate
“ Than Stilicho to prop and guard the State ;
“ In peace her Counsellor, her Champion given
“ In war, no ordinary boon of Heaven.
“ Sure, if to visit earth in such a reign 220
“ My stern republicans appear'd again,
“ Brutus had loved it, and Fabricius own'd
“ The Majesty of Empire there enthroned ;
“ And either Cato smooth'd his rigid brow,
“ Well pleased and eager at its will to bow. 225
“ Arise, and mark where through the world adored,
“ My sister Mercy blunts the deadly sword,
“ And old Affection round the brethren Kings
“ Clasps her soft arms, and like a Mother clings.
“ And hark ! 'twas Perfidy's despairing yell, 230
“ The restless writhings of the brood of Hell,

“ That gnaw their chains in rage, and on them pour

“ The foamy venom that can harm no more.

“ Peace too, and Faith, exulting at the sight,

“ Descend propitious from the realms of light— 235

“ The world is ours! and why shouldst thou delay?

“ We claim thee, Theodore; arise, obey!”

“ Great Queen,” he answer’d, “ many a pleasing hour

“ I pass contented in my rural bower;

“ Thy voice recalls me but to war’s alarms, 240

“ With strength diminish’d, and with rusted arms.

“ The stubborn earth submitted to my plough;

“ The pines that darken yonder mountain brow;

“ The gentler slopings of the vine-clad hill;

“ The verdant plain, that hardy olives fill; 245

“ The golden harvest that my skill prepares;

“ These are my glories now, and these my cares.

“ In veteran ears the trumpet sounds in vain,
“ They seek no more the camp, or brave the main.
“ And shall I risk my fame, and from me cast 250
“ ‘The meed that years of toil have earn’d at last?
“ Who know, that gifted Nature still derives
“ Her power from use, and but by practice thrives ;
“ That pristine Art with Sloth disdains to stay,
“ And fades neglected like a dream away? 255
“ That steeds, if long remiss the charioteer,
“ Nor rein, nor lash, nor voice of guiding hear ;
“ And hands, that much their wonted craft forego,
“ May strain but bend not the resisting bow ?
“ Yet who, when Justice asks, can dare deny? 260
“ Thou first, descending from thy throne on high,
“ Call’dst from his desert depths, his woodland den,
“ And bad’st the savage live the life of men.

“ For thee, by laws restrain’d, we calmly dwell ;
“ For thee, brute passion from our souls expel : 265
“ Till, purged from dross, and stainless, as befits
“ The heart where Justice in her beauty sits,
“ By thine inspiring influence led, we brave
“ The flames of Etna, and the wintry wave :
“ Unarm’d we triumph o’er a thousand foes, 270
“ Secure, mid Libyan sands and Scythian snows,
“ That, tempering each extreme, thy power shall bring
“ The cooling rains and tepid airs of spring.”

He ceased, and from her hands received to hold²³
The pledge of sway, the chariot-reins of gold. 275
Where old Eridanus and Tiber glide,
One binds Italia, in her tower-crown’d pride :

One lightly floats o'er Libya's fertile strand ;

One rules Illyricum's divided land :

Sardinia, Corsica, the fourth confines, 280

And Lipari's flaming caves, and Ilva's mines ;

And that triangular Sicanian isle,

Round whose vex'd capes the Tuscan waters boil,

And those that groaning wage th' eternal fight

With storm-roused Adria in its billowy might. 285

Unmoved and calm the varied toil you bear,

Nor heed the pressure of its weight of care.

As towers Olympus into Heaven, and far²⁴

Hath left beneath the elements puny war,

But rears for ever there its changeless form, 290

Undimm'd by darkness, unprofaned by storm,

Above the rain-cloud, and that gloomier mass,

Whence roll the thunders, and the lightnings flash,

Looks from its summit throne o'er boundless space,
And scorns the tumult murmuring at its base: 295
So, your firm spirit, through the toil of years
Soars freely still, and like itself appears ;
Nor hate can warp, nor partial favour sway
The righteous tenor of your steadfast way.
That Wealth in vain proposed its tempting bribe, 300
As praise to you let other bards ascribe ;
Let others be content, be proud to win
The sole eulogium, that they did not sin.
My nobler theme, that Modesty divine
Loves in your voice to speak, your eyes to shine, 305
Sheds its cool dews o'er zeal's indignant glow,
And bids the blood in calm pulsations flow ;
Unflush'd the cheek, and unperturb'd the brow. }

E'en guilt you daunt not with severer mien,
And when you rise to punish, rise serene.³⁵ 310
You ne'er were heard in rage your teeth to gnash,
Or urge with savage cries the torturing lash,
Like those who revel in a victim's groan,
And make the vengeance of the law their own ;
Those, who, in all the bitterness of ire, 315
That deeply rankles in their souls of fire,
With spendthrift haste their fatal power employ,
Their only knowledge, that they can destroy.
For sure to Gods that mortal mind is next,
That, reason-led, by passion unperplex'd, 320
Weighs well the cause, and gives, in frenzy's room,
The sober sentence of deliberate doom.
Let madmen boast of blood, and proud behold
The trembling victim, and confiscate gold.

Smooth flows the Nile, and, bounteous as it swells,
Its matchless influence not a murmur tells :
Swift runs the Danube, yet its arrowy speed
The still bank spares, and uncomplaining mead :
And none the mighty Ganges' course may rue,
That comes in majesty, but mercy too. 330

Let frothy torrents pour their louder flood ;
Threat the worn bridge, and bellow through the wood :
The great are peaceful : tranquil power performs
The task, where violence fails with all its storms ;
There, men resist and strive—but none withstand
Th' imperious gentleness of mild command.
Steel'd 'gainst unworthy prayers alone, your breast
Expands indulgent to a fair request :
Nor e'er has Glory's light companion Pride
Your soul to win her vain illusions tried. 340

He owns demerit, whom his honours raise :
Still wears your brow the mien of former days ;
Resolved, though modest, and, though simple, keen,
Grave, but not stern, majestic, yet serene.
What civil tumult, what rebellious rage, 345
Fierce, wild, abhorrent from our gentle age,
Subsides not instant, when, by all revered,
That form is visible, that voice is heard—
And raptured thousands drink the honey'd tone,
The spell, that Orpheus' lyre could never own? 350
Long wont admiring in your page to find
The world's young wonders traced, or parts of mind,
Each answering excellence in you we scan,
And as we loved the Author, love the Man.
Such were your claims to power ; nor long delay'd,
Its choicest gift Imperial Justice made.

The robe, our King's and Rulers garb alone,²⁶
That most unites the noble to the throne,
Four years his pride, now, fully past the fourth,
He yields to you, his successor in worth. 360
Rise, Merit, rise! where warm the sun-beams play,
Expand your buds and fruitage to the day:
As wide the field, so wide your branches spread;
As high the heaven, so lift your towering head!
Crush'd the mean arts that bow'd you to the ground,
The Spite that murmur'd when Desert was crown'd,
Arise, for Stilicho your cause befriends—
For Rome's high Lord her curule throne defends;
And, sworn her Annals from disgrace to guard,²⁷
Selects, as objects of that proud reward, 370
Such as ne'er tinged her honest cheek with shame,
Brave *men*, and *Fathers* not alone in name!²⁸

NOTES

ON THE

CONSULATE OF MALLIUS THEODORUS.

NOTE 1, line 1.

Her own reward.] From Seneca, “Interrogas quid petam ex virtute? ipsam. nihil enim habet melius, ipsa pretium sui.” So says also the Duchessa di Vastogirardi in her Poem of advice to her son.

“Premio a se stessa e la Virtude ognora,
E come un van desio mai non la muove,
Di se s'appaga, e nulla cerca altrove.”

NOTE 2, line 7.

Yet Honour courts her most who most denies.] This is like the compliment paid to Cato, “quo minus gloriam petebat, eo magis sequebatur.”—*Sallust. Catil.* 50.

NOTE 3, line 25.

The voice they heard.] He appears to have pleaded in the court of the Prætorian Prefect, which office he afterwards twice administered himself. Both Symmachus (5. 9.) and Augustin (*de Vitâ Beatâ*) praise his eloquence.

NOTE 4, line 31.

*Now all your own, then Libya only saw
One humble province subject to your law.*

The commentators make him Vicar or Proconsul of Africa: I should be rather more inclined to consider him in this early stage of his promotion as only Rector of one of its provinces, which seems to be implied in the expression “*Pars Libyæ.*” His next step was probably to the Vicariate of Macedonia, then a portion of the Western Empire.

NOTE 5, line 42.

And call'd you home to fill a nobler sphere.] He was made Quæstor, whose business it then was to promulgate the imperial edicts and rescripts, thus distinguished by Giannone, B. 1. ch. 8. “*Queste Costituzioni de' Principi*

non erano d' una medesima spezie, ma si distinguevano dal fine, è dall' occasione, che avea il Principe quando le stabiliva. Alcuni' eran chiamate Editti; ed era allorchè il Principe per se medesimo si moveva à promulgar quali ò al Popolo, o a' Provinciali, ovvero, ciò che accadeva più frequentemente, al Prefetto del Pretorio. Altri' eran nominate Rescritti, i quali dagl' Imperadori alle domande de' Magistrati, ovvero alle preghiere de' privati s'indirizzavano."

The maxim of the Roman law, "sacrilegii instar est rescripto Principis obviare," is briefly expressed by the word *oracula*. Symmachus too says in one of his epistles to the Emperor—"Exspectamus oraculum, quo salutariter ut vestro numini familiare est, Patrum decreta firmetis." The flattery is hammered out a little finer by Claudian, Sixth Consulate of Honorius, l. 35.

"Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exsultatque habitante Deo—potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit."

NOTE 6, line 49.

Then Earth to you consign'd her treasured stores.] In Claudian's account of this office of Imperial Treasurer, or Comes sacrarum Largitionum, as it was then called, he evidently has in view that of Statius, who describes it as

held by Claudius Etruscus, a freedman of Tiberius, in the reign of Nero :

—————“ Jam creditur uni
 Sanctarum digestus opum, partæque per omnes
 Divitiæ populos, magnique impendia mundi.
 Quicquid ab auriferis ejectat Iberia fossis” —
 and so on, at some length.

NOTE 7, line 54.

The sickly Bessian works his hidden way.] The Bessi were a Thracian people, famous for their skill in mining. “ Etiam cunicularios haberent,” says Vegetius of a well appointed army, “ qui ad morem Bessorum, ducto sub terris cuniculo, murisque intra fundamenta perfossis, improvisi emergerent ad urbes hostium capiendas.” 2. 11. St. Paulinus, in a hymn quoted by Baronius, *Annal. A.D.* 396, seems to speak of them as recently converted to Christianity.

“ Nunc magis dives pretio laboris
 Bessus exultat, quod humi manaque
 Ante quærebat, modò mente cælo
 Colligit aurum.”

The office designated in the lines that follow, to the 78th, is the Prætorian Prefecture of Gaul.

NOTE 8, line 86.

The Muse your leisure, and the World your care.] This is like Martial's praise of Silius Italicus :

“ Emeritos Musis et Phœbo tradidit annos,
Proque suo celebrat nunc Heliconæ foro.”

Claudian, however, was afterwards obliged to retract this part of his panegyric ; he might have contented himself with saying, like Augustine, “ Displicet tamen, quod Manlio Theodoro, quamvis docto viro, plus tribui quàm deberem ;” but he chose rather to make the extreme somnolency of the once active Prefect the subject of an epigram, in which he contrasted it with the pernicious vigilance of his own countryman Hadrianus. Mallius was too sleepy or too sensible to notice the sarcasm ; but the more irascible nature of Hadrian was provoked by it, and he took the opportunity of persecuting the satirist after the fall of his great protector Stilicho “ had left him naked to his enemies.” Our unhappy poet attempted to deprecate the great man's wrath by the following half-plaintive, half-indignant epistle :

What ! shall thy rooted ire for aye remain ?
And must my sorrows no cessation find ?
Is all thy favour past ? doth hatred reign
In that once harmless heart, and pious mind ?
Such scathe could envy work ? could slander's stain ?
Incautious grief, and too presumptuous age,
And pride impell'd, and ardour was my bane ;
But thee with answering arms it fits not to engage.

Our murmurs impotent the Gods despise ;
 Secure from insult is their heavenly clime.
 Bow'd down by punishment—O bid me rise ;
 I sue for pardon—I confess my crime.
 Achilles granted Hector's obsequies ;
 His Mother's vengeful Fiends Orestes calm'd ;
 Alcides Troy restored, his glorious prize :
 The wreck of kingly power great Ammon's son
 disarm'd.

He mourn'd his murder'd rival : o'er his grave
 In pitying pomp the pile sepulchral rear'd—
 'Extended sway to captive Porus gave—
 Our country's founder—to his foes endear'd.
 Be his thy virtue's model : I could brave
 Celestial anger—but thy wrath hath bent
 My stubborn neck—support in vain I crave ;
 My friends are doom'd to death, or driv'n to banish-
 ment.

Poor, houseless, wretched—what remains of woe ?
 What unexhausted evil ? 'tis not thus
 The lordly lion treats his prostrate foe,
 But stalks, in victory magnanimous,
 To find a worthier opposite ! below
 The lowest sink, misfortune's gathering mass
 Weighs down my heart ; cold blasts of winter blow—
 O ! shine thou forth serene, and bid the tempest pass !

'Tis wasting power to crush a worm like me.
 Stern Boreas copes not with the meaner hills ;
 But in the hollow Alps, and Rhodope,
 He roars exulting, and their caverns fills.
 Jove's bolt descending spares the willow tree,
 But cleaves the proud oak to its aged core.
 This suppliant olive, lo ! I bring to thee—
 The incense of my song ! accept—and smite no more.

O ! yield me back myself ! with gentle care
 Heal thou my wounds, and make me more than live :
 My tarnish'd fame, my fortune lost repair,
 For all thy frown destroyed, thy smile can give.
 Thus erst Achilles' lance with virtue rare
 Partook of deadly force and healing art—
 Empower'd alike to slaughter or to spare,
 With the same steel that caused, alone removed the
 smart.

If old companionship be scorn'd and vile ;
 If still my prayer to grant thy soul refuse ;
 Then deck thy triumphs with a pauper's spoil,
 And tear her trappings from th' insulted Muse !
 Our native land shall hear : our Pharian isle
 Shall mark the deed with mingled fear and hate ;
 And 'mid the general grief, indignant Nile
 Rise from the mighty stream to mourn his Poet's fate.

NOTE 9, line 87.

Intently bending o'er the mystic page.] Tillemont shows that Claudian is mistaken in the time of his hero's studies; it having been the interval, not between his Prefecture of the Gauls and that of Italy, which was only one whole year; but, between the years 380, in which we find him Treasurer to Gratian, and 395, when he was made Prefect of the Gauls.

NOTE 10, line 92.

“In air”—Anaximenes of Miletus. “In water”—Thales. “In the genial flame”—Heraclitus of Ephesus, and Hippasus of Metapontum. But besides these opinions of individual philosophers, there was also a kind of national preference given to particular elements, as may be seen in Firmicus Maternus, *de errore Profanar. Religionum*, who observes that the Egyptians allotted it to the water, perceiving the great benefit that it was to them; the Phrygians to the earth; the Assyrians and some of the Africans to the air, and the Persians to the fire. Damascius *περι αρχων*, as cited in the notes to Phurnutus, makes the first principle or element of the Egyptians to be *σκοτος αγνωστον*—unknown darkness—and the other two water and sand. According to him, the Phœnicians united with the Assyrians in their veneration for the air.

NOTE 11, line 93.

Or him, self-plung'd in Etna's fire to die.] Empedocles of Agrigentum. His God seems to have been that anima mundi first taught by Anaxagoras, and which Pope has described with such splendour of versification :

“ All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ætherial frame,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart.”

Essay on Man.

Subordinate to the ruling mind, Empedocles held two efficient principles, called by him *φιλια* and *νεικος*, which acted upon the four elements by uniting or separating their parts. Besides these he personified the more minute varieties of natural existence, calling them by barbarous names—

Φυσω τε, Φθιμενη τε, και Ευναιη, και Εγερσις,
Κινω τ', Αστεμφης τε, πολυστεφανος τε Μεγιστω.

την ειρημενην ποικιλιαν τῶν ὀλων αινιπτομενος, says Phurnutus. The fable to be found in the Osiris of Plu-

tarch, that Harmony was the daughter of Mars and Venus, is in allusion to this doctrine.

NOTE 12, lines 100, 102.

The eddying circles of revolving heaven

* * * * *

Hath hurled a rock, &c.

The opinion of Anaxagoras on these subjects was that the air, being of a fiery nature, caught up stones from the earth by the vehemence of its rotatory motion, set them on fire, and made stars of them. It was either he or Diogenes who thought they were of pumice stone, and mentions a bit of one which fell at Ægospotami. Perhaps it came from the moon, a fragment of which I have seen. The sun he took to be a mass of stone or iron, larger than the Peloponnesus.

NOTE 13, lines 103, 104.

—————*That disdainful grown*

Of one poor world.

Anaximander, and after him Democritus, Epicurus, and Metrodorus were the principal advocates for a plurality of worlds. The last used to compare the universe to an extensive field, where we should be marvellously disappointed to find only one solitary ear of corn—and shall

we be contented with a single world in the vast space which even our feeble senses disclose to us ?

NOTE 14, line 118.

The Samian's silence.] The literal translation is, "all that Pythagoras said by holding his tongue." But, as Jortin observes in his Critical Remarks, the poet seems to have had in his thoughts the silence which the Pythagoreans observed, and ascribed to the master what belonged to the disciples.

NOTE 15, line 133.

That bids their seven reverted orbits roll.] Seneca mentions only five of the heavenly bodies as engaged in this conflict ; omitting probably the sun and moon, which he had already noticed separately. "Videbis quinque sidera diversas agentia vias, et in contrarium præcipiti mundo nitentia."—*De Consol. ad Marciam*. 18.

NOTE 16, line 150.

And fruitful Genius gave to every age

Its deathless record stamp'd on learning's page.

"His temporibus, ut omittam cæteros, vir et ingenio, et eloquentiâ, et ipsis insignibus muneribus fortunæ, et, quod ante omnia est, mente præstantissimus Theodorus,

quem bene ipsa nosti, id agit ut et nunc et apud posteros nullum genus hominum de litteris nostrorum temporum jure conqueratur.”—*August. de Ordine*, l. 1. And again, “cum enim in hunc mundum sive Deus, sive natura, sive necessitas, sive voluntas nostra, sive conjuncta horum aliqua, sive simul omnia, res enim multum obscura est, sed tamen a te jam illustranda suscepta.”—*Idem, de Beatâ Vitâ*. The fame of Mallius has been better preserved by Claudian and Augustine than by his own writings, some of which however are stated by Burman to be still extant. One treatise, he says, on Metres, was published by Heusinger.

NOTE 17, line 167.

The devious course of every planet found.] Some have attributed to this Mallius the Poem on Astronomy which goes under the name of Manilius. Vossius was at one time induced to ascribe it to him for no very flattering reason: because it was too bad for the Augustan age. Tillenont, on the other hand, says that he could not have written so profane and astrological a poem, being, as he was, a good Christian.—*Tillem. Note 10, sur Honoré*.

NOTE 20, line 202.

Your Plato's vaunted precepts.] “Lectis autem Platonis paucissimis libris, cujus te studiosissimum accepi.”
—*Augustin. de Vitâ Beatâ.*

NOTE 21, line 209.

And no protection need, but patriot love.] She is speaking of old times: for Sparta had very recently indeed fallen without an effort before the power of Alaric—μητε οπλοις επι, μητε ανδρασι μαχιμοις τετειχισμενη—as Zosimus rather happily expresses it.

NOTE 22, line 211.

Though round for years the silent audience press.] Five years was the ordinary duration of this silence; it was sometimes shortened in favour of a promising disciple, but never allowed to be less than two. Pythagoras had better success at Crotona than at Tarentum.

NOTE 23, line 274.

He ceased, and from her hands received.] He was made Prætorian Prefect of Italy, whose jurisdiction extended over the three dioceses of West Illyricum, Africa, and

Italy, containing altogether eight and twenty provinces. I feel that I need forgiveness for having specified an island or two which my author has summed up under the general head of “ quicquid Tyrrhenâ tunditur undâ.” Lipari and Elba will be sought in vain in the original by name. The whole of them however ought in strictness to have been comprised within the Diocese of Italy.

NOTE 24, line 288.

As towers Olympus into Heaven, &c.] This passage should have been added by Clarke to those which he has collected in his note upon Hom. Odyss. 6. 42—5, of which lines they are imitations.

Ουλυμπον δ', οθι φασι θεων εδος ασφαλες υiei
 Εμμεναι—ετ' ανεμοισι τινασσεται, ετε ποτ' ομβρω
 Δενεται, ετε χιων επιπιλναται· αλλα μαλ' αιθρη
 Πεπταται αννεφελος, λευκη δ' επιεδρομεν αιγλη.

That of Lucretius is worthy of his original. I shall only subjoin a remark of Rousseau's upon this subject. “ Après m'être promené dans les nuages, j'atteignois un séjour plus serein, d'où l'on voit dans la saison le tonnerre et l'orage se former au-dessous de soi ; image trop vaine de l'ame du sage, dont l'exemple n'exista jamais, ou n'existe qu'aux mêmes lieux d'où l'on a tiré l'emblème.” This must be gratifying to the dwellers in mountainous districts.

NOTE 25, line 310.

And when you rise to punish, rise serene.] Seneca tells us a story of Socrates, when one of his slaves had offended him. I would beat you, said he, if I were not in a passion. Ergo ad coercionem errantium sceleratorumque irato castigatore non opus est; nam cum ira delictum animi sit, non oportet peccata corrigere peccantem.

NOTE 26, line 357.

The Robe, our King's and Ruler's garb alone.] He succeeded Honorius as Consul, A.D. 399. His colleague in the East was the celebrated Eutropius, against whom Claudian composed one of his most spirited and bitterest invectives. The nature of the subject deters me from attempting a translation of it.

NOTE 27, line 369.

And sworn her annals from disgrace to guard.] The name of the Eastern Consul was never admitted into the Latin Fasti, and, after his disgrace, which took place about the middle of the year, was erased from the Greek.

NOTE 28, line 372.

Brave men, and fathers—not alone in name.] Entropius, on his elevation to the Consulship, was styled Patrician, and Father of the Emperor. So Claudian, in the prologue to the second book of his attack upon him—

“ Qui modo sublimes rerum flectebat habenas,
Patricius, rursum verbera nota timet.”

And at line 68 of the same book.

———“ præsidium legum, genitorque vocatur
Principis, et famulum dignatur regia Patrem.”

The word “men” has its emphasis, as well as “Fathers.”



THE remainder of this Poem is devoted to a description of the sports of the amphitheatre, with which Mallius, according to custom, entertained the people. It is very difficult, and I fear in an inadequate translation would not be amusing. To abler hands therefore I leave it, nothing doubting that if any should have the patience to go on with me so far, they will at least excuse me for having gone no farther. Mallius Theodorus may proceed to his games—

———“ fatigatis amicum
Tempus agens abcunte curru.”

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